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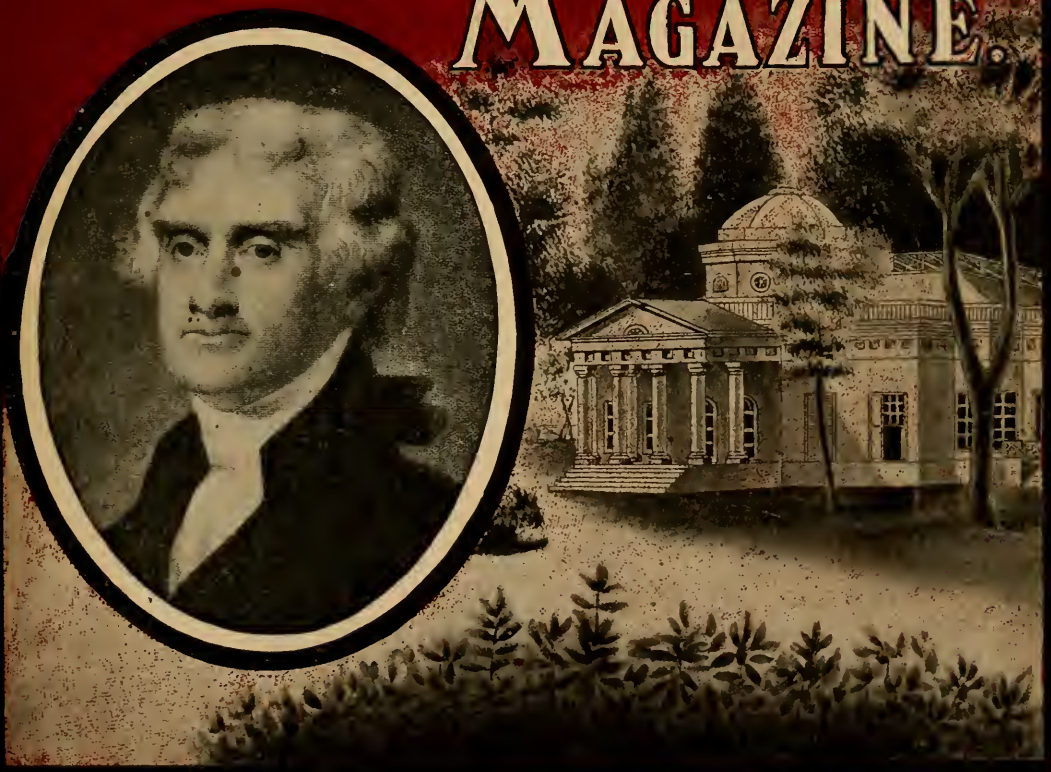

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WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

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QUOTH THE RAVEN: "EVERMORE!"

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

Vol. II AUGUST, 1908 No. 8

Editorials

MR. BRYAN'S SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF THE SOUTH

Necessary to Bryan's election, are 242 electoral votes.

Of these, the solid South, which, according to the insolent politicians of other sections, *MUST* vote the Democratic ticket, *even though there is a dead dog on it,* is confidently expected to furnish 156 votes.

In other words, Bryan went into the race, counting with serene faith upon getting from the Southern States nearly two-thirds of the votes he needed.

In the unruffled serenity of this serene faith of his, Bryan has treated the South just as if she were not only compelled to vote the ticket, even though a dead dog were on it, but has, herself, no greater inclination or chance to resent insults and injustice than the average dead dog possesses.

Not only has he contemptuously disregarded her feelings by coming to terms with the negro leaders, on the Brownsville affair, but he has denied her the poor honor of second place on the ticket.

The South must give the Peerless One nearly two-thirds of his requisite strength; the South is indispensable to the Peerless One's success; from the realm of the Lone Star to the headlands of the Old North State and the blue summits of the Virginias, there isn't a single one of the Rebel-Yell states that the Illinois-Nebraska nominee can afford to lose.

But what does Bryan give for these votes? What does the South get for these precious assets? Nothing, *nothing, NOTHING,*—unless you reckon as a favor the slap in the face which the South got when Bryan went over to Foraker on the Brownsville matter.

Have we, in the South, no man fit to run with Bryan? Are we so poor in talent and character that we can furnish no Democrat worthy to wear the mere compliment of a vice-presidential nomination on the Bryan ticket? Is poor little old Kern, of Injyaner, head and shoulders above all the big men of Dixie?

AT THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OF 1908

"The frenzied Bryanites attacked the Georgia delegation, in frantic efforts to seize its little banner of independence, while the Bryanite band played, with insulting iteration, 'Marching Through Georgia.'"

Even the Wall Street gang, which bought Parker's nomination in 1904, gave the South the second place on the ticket. But now that Bryan is despot of the Democratic councils, the South is treated like a yellow cur.

Where was Folk of Missouri; Glenn of North Carolina; Broward of Florida; Bacon of Georgia; Comer of Alabama; Culberson of Texas? Were none of these good enough for second place on the ticket? Why wouldn't Chief Justice Walter Clark, of North Carolina, have been the ideal selection? What happier choice could have been made than that of the blind Senator of Oklahoma?

Kern of Indiana!

Who *is* Kern, anyway?

Where did they dig *him* up?

Bryan and Clark, Bryan and Broward, Bryan and Glenn,—any of these would sound sensible, possible, comforting and sober. But *Bryan and Kern* reek of the ludicrous, and of Tom Taggart; and we cannot but muse dreamily on French Lick Springs, poker chips, highballs and cocktails, and a political pull based upon the foulest combination of the white tough and the negro camp-follower,—for that's how Tom Taggart keeps on top in Indiana.

To get the benefit of the putrid combination between Taggart and the negroes, the Peerless One passed over every statesman and scholar of the South, and chose the choice of the gambling-hell man, Tom Taggart.

In his belief that the South cannot help herself, the Democratic candidate has put her to open shame—has trampled upon her race-pride, and denied her political rights.

No wonder the convention, imbued with the spirit of its master, jeered the Georgia delegation, tried to snatch away its flag, and insultingly kept it reminded of the Sherman horrors by continuous playing of "Marching through Georgia."

All right, Mr. Bryan! You may know my people better than I do. You have seen them swallow many a bitter dose, labelled "Democracy." You are only too well acquainted with the weakness of Southern leadership. You have seen the party lash drive the Southern people into humiliating and degrading submission,—many and many a time.

But, by the splendor of God! I believe you've overdone it this time.

I believe you've counted *too* strongly upon your "dead dog" theory, this time.

From the manner in which she has been treated by you, the South will at length receive that electric shock which has been needed to arouse her to a sense of her political decadence and degradation.

The South is going to resent your insolence and your injustice, Mr. Bryan.

The South is going to show you that when the Democratic party presents to her a nominee who seeks to win the negro vote by condemning President Roosevelt in that Brownsville case; when the Democratic nominee shows so little appreciation of the electoral vote of the South that she is not given the second place on the ticket; when the Democratic

candidate practically says, "the South can't help herself,—I'll treat her just as I please"; *I do believe that the clock strikes the hour for Southern Independence.*

The Jeffersonian means to have it out with you, Mr. Bryan. You engulfed the magnificent reform movement of 1896 in the boundless selfishness of your personal ambition. You enriched yourself by commercializing the political assets which you had raided.

For eight years you posed as a Populist, and you thus made it impossible for Populism to do business.

In 1904, you trailed your banner in the mire, and took service with the Pretorian Band which upholds Wall Street's throne. Ever since 1904, you have tacked and veered, backed and filled, doing your level best to soften the antagonism of capital without losing the esteem of labor,—to enter the Paradise of Privilege without bidding farewell to the rough world of Radicalism.

Since your advent in 1896, when as a Bland delegate you cunningly opened the way to a Bryan nomination, you have boxed the compass of political variation. Between the platform of 1896, and that upon which you now stand, stretches a dreary desert, so far as benefit to the people are concerned,—and a Canaan flowing with milk and honey, so far as your personal interests are involved.

Yes, you've grown rich and strong, talking just enough Populism to keep Populists in the ranks where your treacherous fusion movement of 1896 landed them.

And *now* you place yourself on a platform and a plan of campaign whose meaning is that Wall Street has nothing to fear from your election, that even the damnable Aldrich-Vreeland bill may remain on the statute book, *that the negroes must regard you as their champion, against such Republicans as Roosevelt and Taft,* and that *you* can afford to take the Foraker position which Taft cannot take, and that *you* can afford to say to the negroes what Taft refuses to say. *YOU CAN DO IT, BECAUSE THE SOUTH IS HELPLESS, AND CANNOT RESENT IT.*

You can condemn Roosevelt for siding with the South, *and thus win the negro vote,* for the reason that *you* are the fortunate beneficiary of the situation which *COMPELS* the South to vote the Democratic ticket.

But are you *dead sure* that the South *is* helpless, Mr. Bryan?

God! Suppose that the splendid section which you took to be politically dead should be neither dead nor sleeping, but should spring up, *roused by your kicks, AND WITH THE LIGHT OF BATTLE IN HER EYES!*

UNCLE REMUS IS DEAD

From The Weekly Jeffersonian, July 9th.

And so the pale messenger that never tires, and never pities—the messenger that called Sappho away from her songs and Letitia Landon away from her grief; the messenger who led Byron to where he could sleep, and Keats to where no Gifford could stab him again with merciless criticism; the messenger who piloted Poe to "the misty dim regions of Weir," and to desolate Burns brought the sealed orders under which he sailed into the Unknown Seas—has knocked upon the door of Uncle Remus, has reached upon her inexorable roll-call the name of Joel Chandler Harris, has come to guide into that radiant Hereafter—of which Hope is the creator and Faith the defender—a spirit which will need no purification to fit it for the companionship of the good.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was long, long ago. I was a penniless teacher, and every evening after school was dismissed I would trudge back to where I boarded—along the path which snaked its way through the wire-grass, underneath the moaning pines—and pick up the *Savannah Morning News*. Invariably, upon reaching the column of short paragraphs, there was something to laugh over. And then the friend with whom I boarded would ask, "What's the matter with you?" After Mr. Gross' question, the reading of the paragraph would be in order. Perhaps it was a reference to Tump Ponder's roan mule, whose harness had to be put on with a poplar pole—a new pole being needed every day; perhaps it would be a dig at the Atlanta politicians—those perennially amusing cusses—but, whatever the subject, there was humor in the paragraphic comment, just as there now is in that wonderfully fine work done by Ottinger in *The Washington Post*.

Mr. Gross happened to know about the authorship of these paragraphs of the *Savannah Morning News*. "Joe Harris writes 'em," he explained. "The printers says they can tell when he is at it, for they can hear him laugh while he is at work."

"Laugh and the world laughs with you," sings our glorious sister, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and the words are true; but she missed it when she added, "Weep, and you weep alone." No, ah, *no!* NO! The golden chain which links heart to heart, soul to soul, stretches all the way from the springs of laughter to the fountain of tears. Where Dickens laughed, you laugh! Where the tears blotted the page upon which he wrote, yours blur the page where you read. Is it not always so?

What a horrible world it would be, were there no good Samaritans, no sun-crowned men who will stoop to lift the weakling from the dust, no large-souled woman to forget all the faults of Marmion and cushion his dying head on her bosom!

Environed sordidly, we grow sordid before we know it. It is the radiant flower that paints the glories of the butterfly's wing. The vulture is filthy, for his food is filth. Oh, how we are shaken, roused, lifted to the heights where the sunlight loves to rest, when some great event strikes us, when some inspiring word hails all the diviner spirits which were slumbering within us, waking them to life again! Then, and then only, we throw off the spell of the sordid surroundings, and enter that higher world where all nobler souls understand each other, honor each other, love one another, laugh in common joy, weep in common grief.

Joe Harris was just a name to me all the while that I lived and taught in the wire-grass section, near Savannah; but when, in 1880, I was sent as a delegate to the Colquitt Convention, he was the one man in Atlanta that I wanted to see. For by that time he had gone from the *Savannah News* to the *Atlanta Constitution,* and I had been "reading after him" with an interest that never flagged. "Every once in a while," there came into the columns of the editorial page a brief sketch so different from all the rest of it—so dainty in finish, so tender in sentiment—that I would read it again and again, knowing instinctively that it was Joe Harris who penned it. Thirty years ago!—a long road, reaching back and losing itself in many obscurities, but yet I see vividly the little printing office in Putnam County—the little office that stood amid the big trees of the native forest; the little office where the squirrels played upon the roof, with no fear of being killed; the little office from which Joe Harris' friend "went to the war." Then I see, again and very plainly, a country editor sitting at his desk, with an "exchange" in his hand, and he is shaken with sobs—his eyes overflowing with tears. It is Joe Harris, and he has just "seen it in the paper" that his friend has been killed in battle.

So, when I went up to the gubernatorial convention to take my first look at the outer world, I, the shyest of men, wanted to see what Joe Harris looked like—for I had been told that he, also, was shy.

Well, I saw him, and the sight of him was a personal consolation. He was red-headed, he was freckle-faced, he was ugly, and he was plainly incapable of adjusting himself to human miscellany. Said he to me, "Let us go out of this crowd"—it was in the Kimball House lobby, where human miscellany is apt to be very miscellaneous, indeed—"and go to some place where we can talk."

But we couldn't manage it; and so we never did get the chance to have that soul-to-soul talk, which could only be possible when just we two were together.

All the world acclaims Uncle Remus and his folk-lore stories, and his high place in literature as a writer of stories is assured; but

to my mind he never did any better work than the poems and fugitive pieces which appeared long before the day of Uncle Remus.

Those "Gipsy children" have a natural grace and beauty that "is a joy forever."

In the last letter I ever wrote him—a letter which told how much I had always admired and loved him—I urged him to make a collection of those early sketches, in order that they might be preserved as a book. His health began to fail soon after the letter was written, and I never heard from him again.

In formal studied phrase, the professional men of the world of letters will eulogize the dead journalist and author—the pre-eminent Southern literateur.

I—who am nothing more than a tenant by sufferance in the realm where I stumbled because of the force of relentless circumstance, and where I claim no title to a foot of earth—come in all humility and sorrow to put a wild flower upon his grave.

He loved the birds—may they sing sweetly where he rests. He loved the trees and flowers—may the leaves whisper while he sleeps and the flowers bloom above his couch.

He loved his fellow man—may every heart be tenderer and nobler because he lived; may every eye be wet with tears because he died.

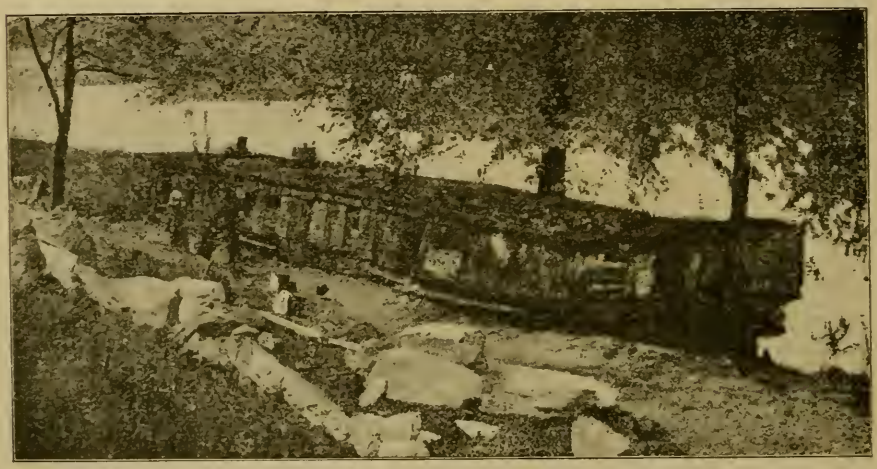
THE OLD PACKET BOAT BY THE JAMES

The train was slowing down for Lynchburg; passengers were rising from their seats, getting ready to leave the cars; my companion leaned over me and pointed to a distant object on the far bank of the James and said: "See that old boat up there under the trees. General Jackson's body was carried in that from Lynchburg to Lexington."

In the swift view of it which I got, as the train carried us on, it appeared to be a low, irregular hut, squatting there disconsolately, dilapidated and forlorn.

And *that* was the hearse which bore to its last resting place, "at Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia," the corpse of one of the greatest soldiers the world has known.

The instantaneous photograph of the old boat which that fleeting glimpse of it made on my mind will never fade. For it fired the long train of memory, and the whole of "Stonewall" Jackson's phenomenal career seemed to form the background of the mental picture of the old boat.



THE OLD PACKET BOAT (AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY), ON WHICH THE REMAINS OF "STONEWALL" JACKSON WERE CARRIED FROM LYNCHBURG TO LEXINGTON, VA.

His early life of poverty, orphanage and disease; his indomitable determination to get on; his record at West Point, where his angularity and industry were his most noticeable traits of character: then his services in the Mexican war, where he was somewhat of a rollicking officer, brave as his sword, full of dash but also full of fun. Quartered in the "Halls of the Montezumas," he threw himself into the social pleasures which followed so soon upon the close of the fighting. No officer in the army was fonder of the society of the beautiful Mexican ladies; and in order that he might the better enjoy their company, he mastered the Spanish tongue. Then came the service in the Seminole war, in which there were no laurels to be gained.

Professor in the Virginia Military Institute, Jackson was regarded as an oddity, and nothing more. The boys played all sorts of pranks off on him, and the Faculty held him as almost a negligible quantity. Because he was so strict, angular, rigid, Jackson was not popular with the gay young fellows who came there to loiter their way through to graduation. At school he had been nicknamed "Fool Tom Jackson," and now that he was a teacher of boys the same tendency to provoke ridicule clung to him. On the drill ground the pieces of artillery, in default of horses, were drawn by the students: to tease and annoy Jackson, these artillery teams would pretend to get frightened, during the maneuvres, and would "run away with" the cannon.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON.

When I was at Lexington a few years ago, a member of the Faculty who was attached to the College at the time Jackson was a teacher there, told me, as an evidence of Jackson's self-control, that on one occasion, when a student who nursed a grudge against the strict Professor, threw a brick-bat at him as he was taking his walk in the grounds, Jackson did not so much as turn his head.

This gentleman also told me that the Faculty of the Institute were considering the matter of dispensing with the chair filled by Jackson, when the Civil War broke out, and the angular Professor was called to the field.

They showed me the very commonplace house which was Jackson's home in Lexington, and it aroused in me emotions which no palace on this earth would stir:—a very modest house, with an ugly location,—for its front wall is flush with the sidewalk,—standing on a side street, near the centre of a town which occupies a site of great natural beauty. And that was the "garden of Brienne" of Stonewall Jackson! The place where he buried himself in study, standing at his desk, without book or paper, concentrating his thought intensely upon all that he had read during the study-hours of the day. Then, when the clock struck nine—not before it began to strike, and not until the ninth stroke had sent its record-voice to the past,—did the rigid student throw off the shackles of discipline, and begin to romp with the children on the floor or mingle in the light and familiar conversation of the household.

For the odd Professor, whom nobody understood, but who was thoroughly respected by every sober-minded person who knew him, had somehow or other won the heart of a beautiful young woman, had made her his wife, and was now a beloved member of her family.

Margaret J. Preston is known to almost every one who reads, but her sister Eleanor is remembered by the few, only, who know that it was she whose loveliness of person and character completely subdued the shy and complex character of the Professor, converted him to her own religious faith, gave him the first inclination toward becoming devout, and by her untimely death, after one year of domestic happiness, gave him a sorrow that darkened the remainder of his life.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

To me, "Stonewall" Jackson seems to belong to the class of Havelock and "Chinese" Gordon. Like those great soldiers, he was a religious fanatic. Like them, he was a mystic. Had he been made Commander-in-Chief in some war fought for the sake of religion, he would probably have developed into the Greatest of Great Captains. As it was, I see in Jackson, as in Lee, a curious occasional apathy. Somehow, I get the idea that, while both were absolutely loyal to the Southern Confederacy, unselfish and unsparing of themselves in the service, neither Stonewall Jackson nor Robert E. Lee had that *supreme confidence,* that whole-hearted *passion of purpose,* which is so essential to success.

LEE AND JACKSON AT COLD HARBOR.

Both Jackson and Lee were at their best when *repelling invasion.* The presence of Northern troops in the Valley, aroused all the lion in Stonewall Jackson, and he put forth the terrible energy which made that campaign immortal. The approach of the Northern hosts upon Richmond had a similar effect upon General Lee; he rose to the crisis

and was the Great Captain—some say the greatest of all the soldiers produced by the Anglo-Saxon race. But once the supreme danger to native land had passed, neither Lee nor Jackson pressed their advantages *home,* with the ruthless purpose of *destroying the enemy,* as each would have done *had they been fighting any other people save their own flesh and blood.*

The blundering, disastrous pursuit of McClellan, as he fell back on the James, after the fighting around Richmond, shows this. The Southern army would have been immensely better off had it simply kept in sight of the enemy, compelling him to continue the retreat by threatening his flank and his base of supplies. In fact, Gen. E. P. Alexander, in his most valuable book of Reminiscences, describes the conduct of Stonewall Jackson, during the retreat of McClellan, in a way that leaves no doubt of the great commander's lack of mental energy during the pursuit.

The gentlemanly manner in which General Lee conducted his operations each time that he invaded the enemy's country, proves my analysis to be correct. Think of Wellington, or Blucher, or Napoleon, or Marlborough, scolding his troops, furiously, for taking apples from the orchards of the foe, or making a camp fire out of his fence-rails.

An old soldier, who now lives at Sugar Valley, Georgia, published a letter in The Weekly Jeffersonian, in which he told how General Lee, in high wrath, called him a "thief," a "disgrace to the army," and other "hard names," because the soldier, hungry and tired, had taken some fruit from an orchard and was trying to satisfy his hunger with it. This was during the invasion of Pennsylvania.

It was in the highest degree creditable to Robert E. Lee that he would order one of his men to "put that rail back on that fence,"—but is that the spirit which wins, in war? It ought to be, I grant you,—but is it? There used to be much of that noble spirit in the days of Chivalry and in the days when the French officers were supposed to say to the foe, "Gentlemen of the English Guard, we never fire first."

But whatever remains of that "after *you*" spirit were left in Europe, the era of Napoleon swept away; and ever since he scandalized the decorous Austrian officers by fighting them in any way that meant most damage to *them,*—rules or no rules,—the practice has been the reverse of chivalrous. The ruthlessness of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Rosecrans was most ungentlemanly,—but most effective.

Had our West Point generals waged war upon the North with the same destructive fury, the result of the conflict would have been different. Had General N. B. Forrest been at the head of the magnificent army which invaded Maryland, there would have been no Antietam: had he led the host that entered Pennsylvania, there would have been no Gettysburg. He would have been as ruthless as Sheridan or Sherman, and by the time the North began to read, in the light of burning homes and blazing cities, *what war meant,* there would have been heard an irresistible cry of, *"Stop it, Stop it!"*

It was because the North WAS NEVER MADE TO REALIZE WHAT THE WAR WAS, that she kept it up!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

And the old boat crouches on the bank of the river, slowly settling down into ruin. Thrifty, feverish, money-loving Commercialism hurries by and gives the lonely derelict a merely casual glance. And yet the sight of it calls up *so* much to those who know the past.

I close my eyes and hear again the peal of thunder and see the distant lightning, as Stonewall Jackson crashes against the Union flank at Chancellorsville. I hear the "ten thousand whippoorwills" of whom Jeb Stuart spoke afterwoods; I see the Confederates struggle forward in the dense scrub woods; the Federals scatter in confusion and Howard's Corps is annihilated; the rapid advance of Jackson's men has broken their own formation and there is a perilous confusion; the enemy, in a desperate attempt at salvation, plants a battery and shells the turnpike; a momentary halt is made by the Confederates, and Jackson, caught up in the concentration of a great purpose, rides too far, too far to the front; with all his might he is pushing around to the enemy's rear, to cut him off from the United States ford, and take his entire army prisoners, or destroy it!

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Alas, he rides too far in the darkness;—no picket line protects him from the enemy and he comes within their musket range, is fired upon, gallops back toward his own men—who have orders to fire on cavalry and who do not know that Stonewall has ridden beyond them—is fired upon by his men and is carried, here and yonder, by his frenzied horse, which the wounded hero can no longer control; is at length lifted from the saddle to the ground, where he lies beneath a tremendous cannonade of the enemy, with a drawn face, white with pain, turned up to the moon.

"My God! it's General Jackson!" cried a soldier, marching by: and in a few days the heartbroken wail rang throughout the South, "My God! Stonewall Jackson is dead."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

In the book, "Bethany," I unintentionally gave pain to the widow and children of General Pender, by stating that, apparently, the shots which were fatal to General Jackson were fired by men of Pender's brigade. I was led into this error by following Gen. Fitz Lee. I am satisfied that Gen. Lee was in error. It is practically certain that the troops who fired upon Gen. Jackson belonged to Lane's, North Carolina, brigade.

The subject is painful, and perhaps no attempt should ever have been made to identify the soldiers who did the shooting. No possible good could come of it—for the troops were not at all to blame.

STONEWALL JACKSON IN HIS TENT

Whether Gen. Jackson assumed that a picket line had been thrown out in front, or whether his act in riding forward was incident to his absorption in his great purpose, can never be known. During the days of patient suffering which preceded his death—the death of a resigned, undoubting Christian — he made no effort to account for what had occurred. A pathetic detail, however, is that those who first got to him, after he was shot, relate that *his expression was one of utter astonishment.* But the iron lips closed down and he said nothing. Nothing? Nothing about the calamity that had befallen *him.*

But when Gen. Pender expressed a doubt of being able to hold his advanced, exposed and temporarily unsupported position, Jackson's order came, prompt, stern, emphatic:

"You must hold your ground, General Pender! You must hold your ground, Sir!"

Faint with loss of blood, unable to stand, racked with pain, the soldierly instinct and heroic spirit were masters to the end: *"Hold your ground!"*

At the first Manassas, Gen. Thomas Jonathan Jackson would not give ground to the enemy, was immovable and confident when the wrecks of broken brigades were all around him, and *so* won the title by which his people prefer to call him. It was fitting that his last order on the field of battle should have been just what it was: *"You must hold your ground, Sir!"*

Gen. Pender was a brave officer, and Gen. Lee's official report of

Chancellorsville makes mention of the conspicuous gallantry displayed by Gen. Pender in the battle on the day after Jackson's fall.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

There never was a sublimer funeral given to any National hero than the South gave her ideal soldier, Stonewall Jackson. Not only was he mourned by the weeping thousands who followed his body to Richmond, but it is a literal fact that in every city and town throughout the Confederacy there were outbursts of grief that betokened a universal sorrow. Even now, there is no subject—none whatever—that moves the average Southern man more quickly and more profoundly than that of Jackson,—his purity, his consecration, his sublime unselfishness, his beautiful and grand simplicity, his profound and unobtrusive piety, his dramatic and tragic fall in the hour of glorious victory, his fortitude in suffering, his touching submission to the will of God.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

I turn to the Diary kept by Margaret J. Preston. The date is May 5th. (1863.)

Here is the entry:

"Today brings news of a terrible battle—but no particulars; only that Gen. Frank Paxton is killed, Jackson and A. P. Hill wounded."

"May 7th: Another day of awful suspense. Not a solitary letter or person has come from the army to Lexington; only a telegram from Governor Letcher, announcing that Captain Greenlee Davidson is killed; his body and Paxton's are expected tomorrow. What fearful times we live in!"

"Friday, 8th. Today we hear that Gen. Jackson's arm is amputated and that he is wounded in the right hand. How singular that it should have been done through mistake by a volley from his own men. It happened at midnight Saturday."

"May 10th, Sabbath: This afternoon Dr. White attempted to hold service; but just as he was beginning, the mail arrived, and so great was the excitement, and so intense the desire for news, that he was obliged to dismiss the congregation. We only hear of one more death among Lexington boys, young Imboden. Several wounded; this is much better than we had dared to hope."

"May 12th, Tuesday: Last night I sat at this desk writing a letter to General Jackson, urging him to come up and stay with us, as soon as his wound would permit him to move. *I went downstairs this morning, with the letter in my hand, and was met by the overwhelming news that JACKSON WAS DEAD!* A telegram had been sent to Col. Smith by a courier from Staunton. Doubt was soon thrown upon this by the arrival of someone from Richmond, who said he had left when the telegram did, and there was no such rumor in Richmond. So, between alternate hope and fear, the day passed. It was saddened by the bringing home of General Paxton's remains, and by his funeral. At five this evening the startling confirmation comes—Jackson is indeed dead! My heart overflows with sorrow. The grief in this community is intense; everybody is in tears. What a release from his weary two years' warfare. To be released into the blessedness and peace of heaven! . . .

How fearful the loss to the Confederacy! The people made an idol of him and God has rebuked them. No more ready soul has ascended to the throne than was his. Never have I seen a human being as thoroughly governed by duty. He lived only to please God; his daily life was a daily offering up of himself. All his letters to Mr. P. and to me since the war began, have breathed the spirit of a saint. In his last letter to me, he spoke of our precious Ellie, and the blessedness of being with her in heaven. And now he has joined her, and together they unite in ascribing praises to Him who has redeemed them by his blood. Oh, the havoc death is making! The beautiful sky and the rich, perfumed air seemed darkened by oppressive sorrow. Who thinks or speaks of victory? The word is scarcely ever heard. Alas! Alas! When is the end to be?"

"May 15th, Friday: General Jackson was buried today, amid the flowing tears of a vast concourse of people. By a strange coincidence, two calvary companies happened to be passing through Lexington from the West, just at the hour of the ceremonies; they stopped, procured mourning for their colors, and joined the procession. . . . . The exercises were very appropriate; a touching voluntary was sung with subdued, sobbing voices; a prayer from Dr. Ramsey of most melting tenderness; very true and discriminating remarks from Dr. White, and a beautiful prayer from W. F. J.———. The coffin was draped in the *first* Confederate flag ever made, and presented by Pres. Davis to Mrs. Jackson; it was wrapped around the coffin and on it were laid multitudes of wreathes and flowers which had been piled upon it all along the sad journey to Richmond and thence to Lexington. The grave, too, was heaped with flowers. And now it is all over, and the hero is left 'alone in his glory.' Not many better men have lived and died. His body-servant said to me, 'I never knew a *piouser* gentleman.' Sincerer mourning was never manifested for anyone, I do think. . . . The dear little child is so like her father; she is a sweet thing, and will be a blessing, I trust, to the heart-wrung mother."

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By TOM DOLAN

The Denver Pow-Wow.

The Democratic convention at Denver was pretty much a mess. "Among those present" was the gentleman who had some idea of dragging himself into prominence by trying to stampede the "rock-ribbed" brethren for Roosevelt, recalling the Chattanooga incident wherein our brilliant John Temple Graves similarly effervesced. There were the Parkerites loaded with the Cleveland resolutions. There were the lost and lonely allies like derelicts drifting upon the "Bryany" sea, while Princess Alice Longworth, Lady Ruth Bryan Leavitt, and other peeresses of the realm added to the picturesqueness of the occasion. Mrs. Mary C. Bradford, one of the two women delegates-at-large, was there with an equal suffrage plank, ready to hold up the American end of the Suffragette movement. The "Peerless One" kept his hand on the nominating button, and when he pressed it, to his exceedingly great surprise, it spelled his name. Whereupon the cohorts recited the screech they had been sent to deliver, to the tune of "what-the-Hell-do-we-care," trampled the allies into the dust, hung Guffey's scalp on some bushes to dry,

"DEE-LIGHTED."

insulted the Southern delegations and decamped.

Scandals in Germany.

When you cast a pebble into a pond, there is an ever widening circle which ripples over the surface, and it is so with the Eulenberg sensation, which now threatens to involve not only the nobility, but the very royalty of the German Empire. Disgrace, imprisonment and suicide have been making inroads among the Kaiser's intimate friends.

Naturally, but few details leak out from that rigid court and if they did they would hardly get through a censored press. This, in our dull season, is somewhat hard, seeing how freely we divert all nations by a generous publication of the antics of our billionaires and the salacious doings of our aristocratic divorcees. It is a serious detriment to the "entente" that there should be this unequal exchange of entertainment. Wilhelm, furthermore, has chopped off a part of those upcurling and bristling mustachios, and we cannot figure out the significance of this. There is a Mrs. Grundy spirit among nations, as in every community, and that spirit wants to find out things.

Labor After the Beef Trust.

Labor leaders in New York have demanded a Federal inquiry into the Beef Trust and have called upon the Attorney General of the United States to act. Labor unions throughout the entire country are urged to pass similar resolutions. It has been found that, without any warrant therefor, the price of meats has gone up from three to seven cents per pound. The feeling in New York is so intense that women have rioted in many instances and there is an absolute revolt against the extortion being practiced. Laboring men are almost of necessity meat eaters, for meat is the most concentrated of all foods and there are very good physiological reasons why you cannot deprive a laborer of meat without inflicting hardship upon him, and a very possible retrogression in his work. This protest from labor unions ought to receive prompt consideration from the President, and if he ever wants to "bust a Trust" he could please the common people no more than by smashing this most infamous monopoly.

Appalling Advance of Militarism.

General Robert Shaw Oliver, Asst. Secretary of War, has outlined a plan to organize a standing army of 250,000 men and bring Federal and State troops into one great military organization trained and equipped for any emergency. He is quoted as saying: "There are no longer any militia men. They are all United States volunteers. In the event of war they are part of the regular army under the new law. Up to this time the President has been powerless to direct the management of State troops. It is so no longer!"

The peaceful citizen, seeing no wars impending, desiring no conquests, realizing that our colonial policies have been frightful mistakes cannot but ask himself, bewilderedly: "What does it mean? Why should we have a huge fleet restlessly winnowing the oceans, while a great engine of despotism—a standing Federal army for which there is no excuse—should be built up and foisted upon us?"

What is the true answer to be given to this peaceful citizen?

Another South American Revolution.

Paraguay—that queer country we always have to look up in the Geography every time it ventures into the lime-light—is just now having her turn at a revolution. Many rioters

are reported killed and fighting has been going on for days in the City of Asuncion. The reasons for the uprising against their present government are ones which we commend to thoughtful persons the world over: conditions approaching bankruptcy, a daily falling off in trade, *an increasing premium* on gold and growing distress of the population.

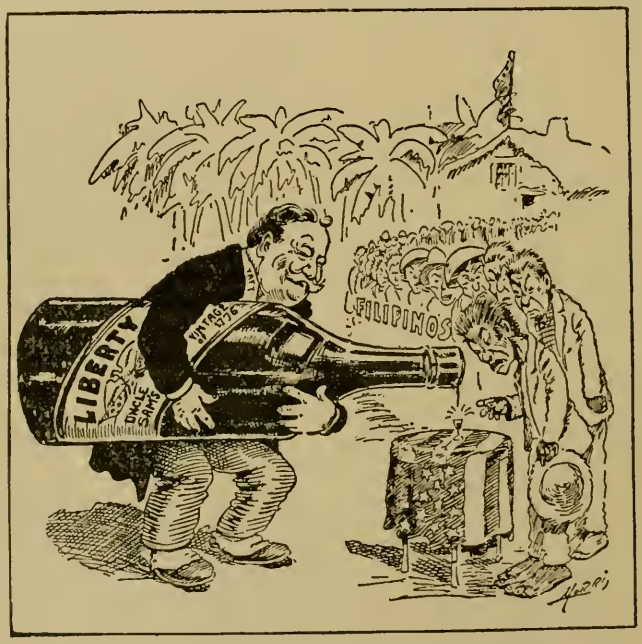
Pension Bills.

The House of Commons has recently put through an old-age pension bill, thus adding $40,000,000 yearly to the disbursements England must make and English people must manage to provide. It is generally regarded as a victory for Socialism. Honest old age should not have to beg its bread, of course; but a free field and a fair fight in youth would make old age pensions unnecessary and England would better mend the system that makes paupers of the honest and industrious poor than to make them distributees of disappointing pittances at the close of a lifetime drudgery.

A Fourth of July Petition.

Seizing upon the anniversary of our Independence, the Filipinos have called the attention of this Government to their unhappy condition due to our Tariff, pointing to the advantages which Porto Rico enjoys by reason of free trade, and makes what should be a touching claim that Uncle Sam is under a moral obligation to assist them.

Will not the merit of their appeal go straight to the heart of the new Secretary of War, Gen. Luke E. Wright, an ex-Confederate soldier?



SECRETARY TAFT—"We serve this beverage in small doses, so that you may not become intoxicated."
—Morris in the Spokane *Spokesman Review*.

Trouble in India.

Rebellion to British rule is brewing in India. Indians, educated in America and other lands, have gone home to find the condition of their people anything but gratifying to their pride and patriotic societies have been sowing the seeds of revolt. England is much dismayed and has, rather unwisely we think, resorted to a Press act intended to check the publication of "seditious" doctrines. Russia's encroachments are temporarily checked, but it looks as if England's maintenance of her power must mean to tremble in fear of another Khyber Pass or bloody Mutiny. Two hundred and fifty millions of human beings is a pretty big crowd to keep subjugated, even though they are not at all of a militant type.

To add to her troubles, there is a bitter quarrel on now between England's famous sea-captains, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and Admiral Sir John Fisher which has split the navy into two factions. Lord Beresford has opposed reforms in the Navy—and no one who knows anything of the British Navy but realizes that reforms there were sadly needed—which Sir John Fisher attempted to make in the nature of compelling officers and men to get busy, instead of enjoying a perennial pleasure cruise. Unfortunately, it is said this state of affairs cannot be controlled by the Admiralty, for the simple reason that they would have a "strike" on their hands.

Grover Cleveland Dead.

In the years which intervened between his first and second administrations, Grover Cleveland said: "It's a solemn thing to be President." And now the great solemnity of death has come to him, and we who live to comment on the news that this powerful figure in national affairs has faded into the mists of Eternity, pause and ponder with a feeling akin to awe upon his record. For it is closed now. The book is sealed. He who balances and weighs all men and all administrations will audit the account and no mortal hand may erase an error or add one further item on the credit side.

For the "unreplying dead," we have nothing but respect, and for the widow and children who mourn, the deepest reverence for their sorrow. But his record is as much the property of the historian of the present as of the future, and it is in the spirit of the historian, not the partisan, we approach it. His first administration was creditable and he left the White House the idol and the oracle of his party. But his breadth was not equal to his strength and Cleveland as an office-seeker and during his second term showed a narrow and stubborn disregard of the party which had so faithfully followed and hopefully trusted him. His was a superb opportunity to render Democracy a supreme service. Instead of that, he held it up to the world as but a less powerful Republicanism. It was he who virtually established the Gold Standard, played into the hands of Wall Street and placed corruption in high places. No Republican President could have done worse.

Strike.

A strike has been declared by the union miners of the State of Alabama. The appeal to the miners urges them to quit work and make a supreme effort to effect a powerful organization, obtain a betterment of wages and conditions and they are promised the help of the United Mine Workers of America.

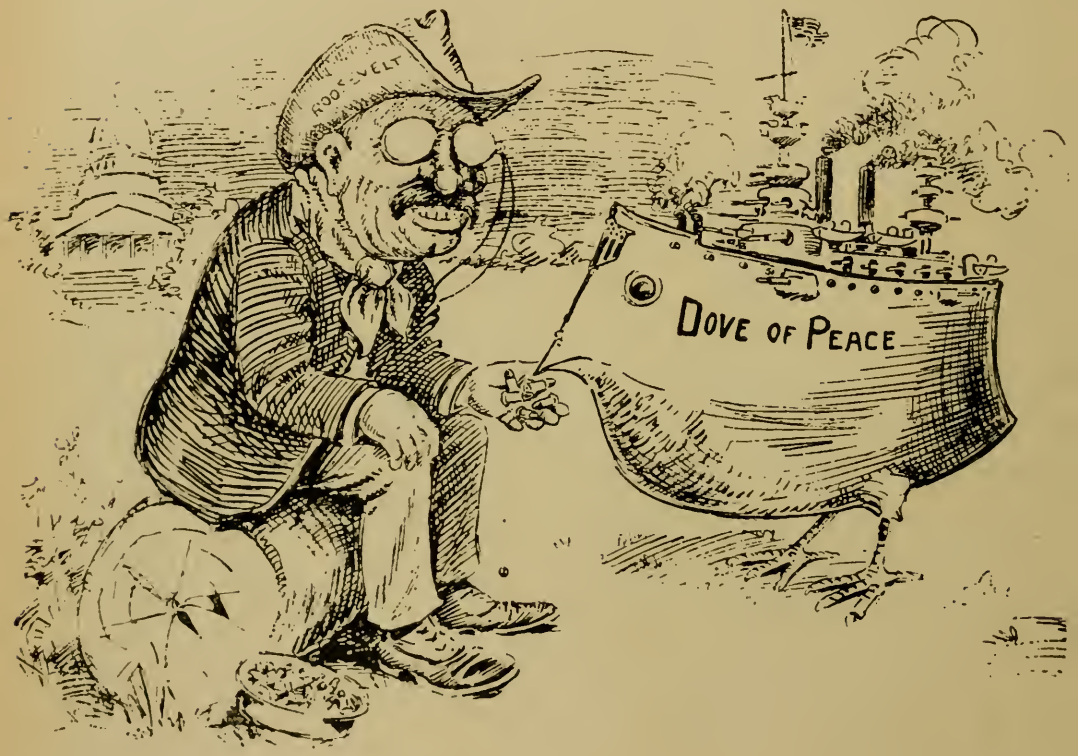
The Suave Insolence of Mr. Schwab.

A few days ago Mr. C. M. Schwab, the Steel Trust magnate, relieved his pent-up feelings in an interview on his return from Europe. The burden of his song was praise, of course, for the Ship Subsidy bill. He followed the usual tactics employed by our patriotic Captains of Industry in making a floundering attempt to show that it would be of general benefit to the entire country, but he forgot himself finally in venting the prediction that "it would never be possible to prevent the passage of the bill for the reason that the whole steel industry and many other interests of the country were intimately involved with the business of ship-building." That is to say, it is vain to oppose what the "special interests" demand.

Mr. Schwab further confesses that the Government might, if necessity arose, be compelled to send away our goods in foreign built ships.

This is a clean give-away of the real influence back of the Big Navy propaganda.

The tariff killed our merchant marine, and now they propose to resurrect by the forced process of subsidizing ship-builders. Ship-building materials on the free-list, or the liberty to buy ships wherever we can get them cheapest, would at once evolve an American Merchant Marine. But the navigation laws deny the protection of our flag to the foreign built ship, or the high duties which cause high prices in ship-building materials make it impossible for us to compete with foreigners.



To take money out of the U. S. treasury to hire men to build ships and maintain them is sheer diabolism.

Big Game for Roosevelt.

Grizzlies, mountain lions and his-weight-in-wild-cats appearing, at least in the sheltered precincts of the White House, to be too insignificant for a hunter of his prowess, Mr. Roosevelt has announced that he will seek the haughty jaguar of the jungle and swipe her cubs from under the very jaws of the she-lion. It is already arranged. Rhodesia, the British African territory north of the Transvaal, is the finest big game country in the world, and the devouring hordes of wild beasts vamp over the veldt in prodigious numbers and with infinite variation of horror. After his prolonged experience with the "Elephant" that kind of beast would be stale and tame. Greater things are sought; it is not the usual and ordinary stunts made famous by Rider Haggard that Mr. Roosevelt is setting out to do. No; he will at last find the retired liar of the "jabberwock" some "frabjous" day; should a Megatherium still prowl in the fastnesses of some dark, deep forest,—

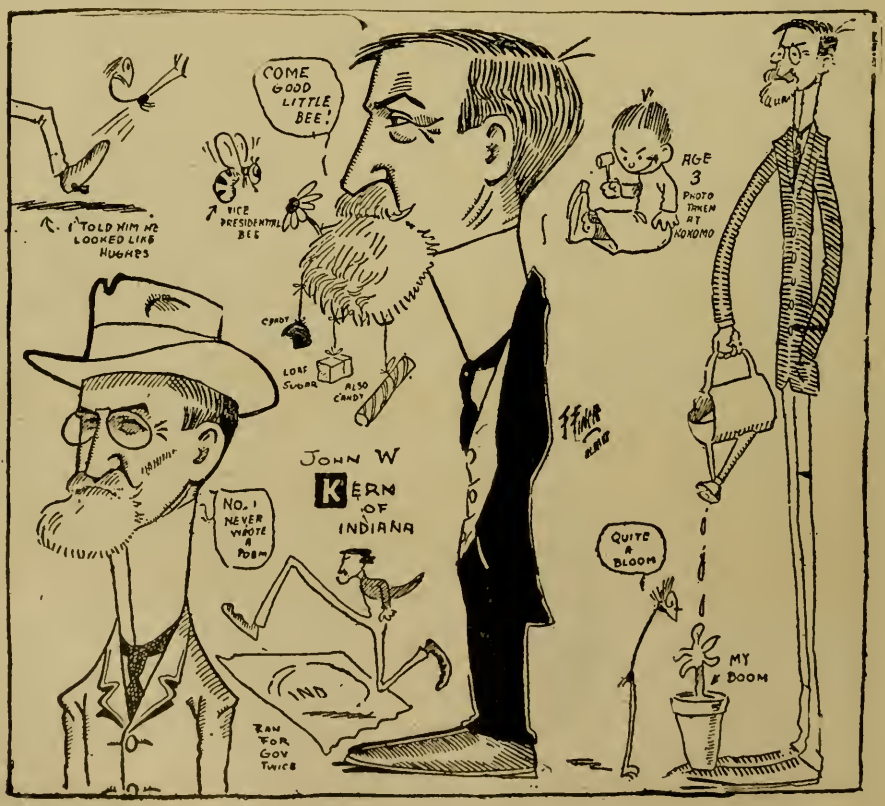
TEDDY IN AFRICA

there will Teddy await him, to lasso and drag him forth. Nay, more; we would confidently expect him to face and subdue an Iambic Hexameter, should one attack him never so viciously, and higher than that no mortal valor mounts. He has solved the problem of what to do with the ex-presidents we have loafing around on every street corner. They should all a-slaying go.

Incidentally and casually it may be remarked that fully 2,200,000 of books which he is to write pertaining to his experiences in Africa are sold even before he sets out for the field of his mighty achievements, and he has cleaned up $150,000 on the idea that he thinks of going.

The Running Mate.

John Worth Kern, sneaks for a moment into the limelight and somehow appeals to our sympathy. We are as sorry for him as we would be for the chorus-girl whom a mouse had sent scuttling out upon the stage all unprepared. He seems to have got the nomination, but "the hook" with it. He is from Indiana, which is a sadful confession for anyone save a literary genius to make; and his own delegation tried to enthuse, but being from Indiana, likewise, deponent saith their effort could not be called a "demonstration"; and his sister lumbered in from the farm the day afterwards and heard the news with most unsisterly composure, not to say uncon-



(BY "DOC BIRD" IN DENVER POST OF JULY 5.)

cern; and his wife "is sorry!" Added to all these dampeners, he is a pal and understudy of Tom Taggart. Mr. Kern has further distinguished himself by being twice defeated in his own State for Governor. Altogether, it is but charitable to lead the dejected Mr. Kern back into a kindly seclusion.

Benevolent Assimilation by Hon. Japan.

From statistics compiled covering the past year, it appears that operations in Corea have resulted in a loss of less than 500 Japs, as against about 16,000 Coreans. We have always heard that the Japanese were the politest people in the world, not even excepting the French, and it seems that they must have been lavishly generous in pouring ammunition into the estimable enemy.

It's the bugle call to breakfast, after all. Corea was just another nation found asleep and so her officious neighbor got busy "awakening" her. It was so with Japan herself fifty or sixty years ago. She was drowsing along when the morning call sounded and she has been hustling ever since until now she is a great "world power." True, her masses are reduced to most hopeless wretchedness and the burdens of taxation are almost too great to be borne, but the imperial idea is triumphant. China is being roused from her slumber of Centuries to a career she certainly did not want, perhaps she did not need. So let Corea take comfort in the thought that her case is not unusual. She may be dispossessed of her own rights and prerogatives, but she will in time attain the heights of Occidental civilization as interpreted by an imitative and an alien race.

General Clement A. Evans.

We publish an excellent snap-shot of Gen. Evans, who on June 10th last, became the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate veterans. He has well won and worn many honors. This highest place in the esteem of his comrades was rightfully his and will be nobly filled.

THOS. E. WATSON'S SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE

One of the most fearful statements that was ever made is that *"history repeats itself."* Take the words lightly, and they make no very great impression; study them deeply, and you stand appalled.

The clash of armies, the horrors of war, the carnage which spared neither age nor sex—history is full of it, and when *"history repeats itself,"* the slopes of another Gettysburg will run red with blood, the fiery broom will sweep other Shenandoah valleys, and other Atlantas and Columbias will be fed to the flames on some other "Sherman's march to the sea."

The conquest of human reason by the priest; the reign of religious intolerance, with its dungeon, its rack, its stake for the independent thinker, history is full of it; and *when* "history repeats itself," the world will have once more lost its liberty of conscience, will again hear the shrieks of the victims of inquisition, will again shudder with fear and horror as some other Philip of Spain slaughters his tens of thousands, some other Charles of France fires the signal gun for a massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The establishment of the political oligarchy, the use of legislative machinery by one class to rob the others, the exploitation of the unprivileged by the privileged, history is full of it; and *when "history repeats itself,"* we shall again have the rule of the few over the many, the confiscation of the property of the unprivileged under forms of law, and the giving to systematized pillage the sacred name of government.

Let us go back to one of the tragic chapters in the annals of the past. It may be that a study of that chapter will arouse us to an appreciation of the dangers which have come upon us. We return to the year 44 B. C. The aristocracy which had declared war on Julius Cæsar had been overthrown. For six months this great soldier and lawgiver of antiquity had been at work reforming the Roman system, but now the Ides of March had come, the Ides of March against which the Soothsayer had warned him—the Ides of March had come!—and the daggers which the senatorial conspirators had been whetting for him were ready. Dull is the imagination which can not picture the scene as Cæsar enters the Senate chamber, goes, without suspicion, to his accustomed seat; is surrounded by the assassins, every one of whom he believes to be his friend, and every one of whom had, a few days before, taken a solemn oath to defend his life; is stabbed from behind, and springs to his feet, to fight, looks around him and finds that he, unarmed, is girdled by armed and relentless men; is pierced and slashed till twenty-three wounds are spilling his life-blood; realizes that the end has come; scorns

to gratify his murderers with a word or sign of fear, covers his face with his mantle, and sinks to die at the foot of Pompey's statue.

Why did Roman aristocrats kill Julius Cæsar? What had he done to Rome that the Roman nobles should take his life?

He had abolished imprisonment for debt and by this act had deprived the Roman capitalist of his power to keep his debtor in slavery.

The long Civil war had brought about a great fall in prices, for the rich had hoarded their money. Cæsar declared that no creditor should seize the property of those who owed him, unless it was taken at the same price it would have brought had it been put upon the market before the decline in values set in.

In Rome, the burdens of government rested most heavily on those who got the least out of it, and most lightly upon those who monopolized its advantages. Wise, just and fearless, Cæsar put high taxes upon the luxuries of life, *leaving the necessaries untaxed.*

In Rome there were usurers who did nothing but lend money and collect interest. They engaged in no other business, made no investments, paid no taxes, contributed nothing to the wealth and well-being of the state. Cæsar wished to free the republic of these parasites. Under his law the money-lender was forbidden to lend more than twice the amount which he had invested in real estate; thus the usurer was forced into the class of investors and taxpayers.

Great landed estates, cultivated by slave gangs, were the curse of Italy. Cæsar compelled every proprietor to employ free labor, to the extent of one-third of all those who worked for him.

Besides this, he adopted a homestead policy. He not only divided out the public domain among the citizens who had no homes, but inaugurated the policy of buying lands with the public funds for the purpose of giving homes to the homeless.

Roman cities were thronged with the unemployed. Three hundred thousand of the poor were fed from the public granaries. Cæsar cut off 150,000 names from the lists of free grain distributees, and said to them, in effect: "Yonder is a piece of land offered you by the state; go to it; stay on it; work it, and learn to earn bread in the sweat of your face."

Brutus was one of the assassins who cut Caesar down, and Brutus was a money lender who had been fattening on 48 per cent interest. There were many of these high-born usurers, and their wrath was intense when Cæsar decreed that the rate of interest should not exceed 12 per cent, and that there should be no such thing as the compounding of interest.

Cæsar revived the law against hoarding. Any capitalist who kept out of circulation a greater sum than $3,000 became a criminal, subject to severe penalties. The idea was, that money should circulate, that it was created for no other purpose, and that whoever hoarded it, thus diminishing the available supply, causing inconvenience and loss to others, committed an offense against his fellow-man and a crime against the state.

Oh, that we had had a Cæsar in the White House last October, when those Wall Street rascals drew into New York City all the available cash of the country, hoarded it, and created the panic, which swept this continent like a withering simoon!

It was on account of his reform measures that the Roman aristocrats plotted against Cæsar; hating the reforms, they murdered the reformer.

By way of parenthesis, let me say that Caesar was the leader of the political party, whose members were called the "Populares." The Latin word "Populares" has the same meaning as the two Greek words, out of which the name Democrats was coined. If you were asked to put into English the exact political classification of Julius Cæsar, you would call him a Democrat, or a Populist, it being left to you to say which classic derivation you preferred—the Latin or the Greek.

"History repeats itself," and today we have in our own Republic every abuse against which the Roman "Populares" made war.

Our public domain has been preyed upon by millionaire plunderers and land-grabbing corporations until the American people have been stripped of a territory larger than that over which soars the Black Eagle of Germany. Timber thieves, apparently with the connivance of the government, have been allowed to devastate such mighty forest areas that the losses, to us and to our children's children, direct and indirect, defy human computation. In all directions the terrific energy of the corporation has driven the public off the public domain. Our streets have been seized by telegraph, telephone, and railroad companies. The iron-horse monopolizes the main line of public travel, and, instead of belonging to the public, as it should, the horse, as well as the vehicle, and the road, is private property. Our helpless cities are not permitted to illuminate themselves. The private company must be chartered to hold the light which enables the public to walk its own streets.

In other civilized countries the carriage of small parcels and the use of the telephone and telegraph are parts of the Postal service and are great blessings to the masses of the people: with us they are private monopolies and are very great blessings to a few Capitalists.

In other civilized countries the public owns, and operates, the railroads: with us there is as yet fatuous contentment with a system of Private ownership which taxes us for dividends upon $7,000,000,000 of watered securities and which persists in killing men, women, and children rather than go to the expense of adopting the safety appliances which would prevent the butcheries.

The historian, wishing to impress us with the wealth and extravagance of the Roman aristocracy, tells us that so large a sum as $1,200 was sometimes paid for a horse, and $200,000 for a palace. We are then given a list of Roman millionaires, and it appears that these plutocrats were worth from One million to Twelve million dollars. Pompey the Great, who had conquered and plundered provinces larger than continental Europe, left property valued at $3,500,000. Crassus, the richest of all the Roman nabobs, left a fortune of $12,000,000.

Suppose you compare the plutocracy of Rome to that of these United States. J. P. Morgan has more money invested in art treasures, alone, than the richest of all the Romans was worth. The "summer cottage" of Cornelius Vanderbilt cost $3,000,000, to say nothing of the land and the furnishings. John D. Rockefeller's yearly income is greater than was the entire fortune of the richest Roman. Enormous as were the treasures which Pizarro's tortures forced from the Inca of Peru, they are dwarfed by the sums which E. H. Harriman and his gang have taken from the Union Pacific, the Central Pacific, and the Chicago & Alton.

Great as was the spoil of Cortez in the Conquest of Mexico, it was less than Jay Gould and his son George gathered together in the Conquest of American railways.

From one comparatively small railroad system, the Central of Georgia, J. P. Morgan and a choice assortment of participating thieves, took and carried away a larger sum than Cæsar wrung from conquered Gaul. The victorious Sylla astonished historians by levying a fine of $25,000,000 upon the rich cities of Greece. Our Sugar Trust levied an annual fine of twice that amount upon this Republic a few years ago, to recoup itself for a contribution of $500,000 which it had made to the campaign fund of the Democratic party. By judiciously placing its contributions with both the old parties, the Steel Trust gets the privilege to so arrange our Tariff schedules as to extort from us, every year, net profits to an amount that is ten times larger than the entire revenue of the Roman Republic.

The Vanderbilt family, through franchise grabbing and stock watering operations, have robbed the American people of huger sums than Alexander the Great harvested by his conquest of the opulent East.

Antiquity was scandalized when Cleopatra dissolved and drank a pearl valued at $400,000; and historians comment in a tone of rebuke upon the luxuries of Lucullus, who spent $8,500 on a feast. When one of our American millionaires throws open the grand ball-room for a night of revelry, *the flowers* cost more than the feast of Lucullus. And when one of our Cleopatras fancies that she is fascinated by some roving Mark Antony—some English Duke, Italian Prince, French Count, or Hungarian sneeze-weed—she thinks nothing of spending from One to Five million dollars on the "pearl." In Cleopatra's case, the gem was merely a casual product of nature; in the modern instances every dollar that goes abroad to pay for foreign titles, and ministers to the depraved appetites of aristocratic debauches, *is the product of the American laborer's toil.*

Thomas F. Ryan and August Belmont, two Democrats of masterful influence in the councils of the Democratic party, looted the traction lines of New York City of bigger sums than Warren Hastings took from the princes of Hindustan. Great Britain was indignant at the rapacity of Hastings, and her greatest orators—Burke, Sheridan, Fox—thundered against him at the bar of the House of Lords, burning him with words of invective that will live forever. Ryan and Belmont did not ravage a foreign state, nor plunder people of a different race,

as Hastings did; they robbed the people of their own city, men and women of the same race as themselves, and no impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors has brought them to the bar of any tribunal which has power to punish. Warren Hastings despoiled the idle rich of India—grandees who had themselves plundered their own people. Ryan and Belmont did not plunder the idle rich! No! They put their greedy hands upon the scanty earnings of millions of workmen and work women of New York city, and heaped up riches for themselves, mountain high, *by robbing the industrious poor.* But who talks of indicting such Democratic criminals as Ryan and Belmont? Who dreams of punishing such Republican criminals as Morgan and Harriman? Weaklings that we are! We not only crouch before the gigantic lawbreakers, but allow them to run our government. All that *we* can do is to punish such offenses as petit larceny. Let the naked steal something to wear; let the hungry steal something to eat; let the miserable wretch, shivering with wintry cold, steal something to feed the fire—and we savagely clutch these poor creatures, and fling them to the lions of the law. But the men who steal railroads, the Trust-builders, who trample upon every statute of the penal code in their march to monopoly and to millions—these are the men before whom we stand helpless and afraid. There is not an intelligent, well-informed citizen of the country, who does not know that, through the machinery of both old parties, these millionaire lawbreakers, who ought to be behind the bars, dictate our legislation, shape our foreign and domestic policies, and control our fate.

They talk to us of foreign foes, and some of our statesmen are wild in their clamors for a Billion Dollar navy. But, tell me what greater harm a foreign foe could inflict upon us than we are suffering from *the foe within the gates?*

Our Civil War was fierce and bloody, truly a cruel war, and it lasted four long, long years. Around many and many a wife it threw the sombre weeds of widowhood; from the lips of many and many a child it drew the wail of orphanage. Yet we buried fewer dead, and carried to the hospitals fewer wounded, than we now lose every four years, to the remorseless greed of capitalism. Count up the victims in mine, mill, and factory; count up the victims that have strewn the lines of our railroads; count up the human wrecks of the sweatshops, the stock yards, the sugar refineries and the smelting works; count up what you have lost to those Christians who have taken the little children that Jesus loved, wrung dividends out of their little bodies, and then tossed them upon the scrap heap; count up all these for four years, and you will reach a frightful total, a ghastly total, which exceeds the losses of our Civil War.

Make the comparison from an economic point of view. This country, as a whole, was in a happier, healthier condition at the close of the Civil War than it is right now. There were no men out of work; there was not a shameful "bread line" or "soup kitchen" in America. Neither in the North nor in the South was there a constantly growing army of tramps, dead-beats, and human derelicts. We had fewer abandoned

farms then than now; we had practically no beggars; we had few millionaires and few paupers. A vast amount of paper money, issued by the Government, was in circulation, and this abundant currency was rushing along the channels of trade, like an elixir of life, carrying buoyant strength to the uttermost extremities of the Industrial system. On every hill-top rang out the clarion call of enterprise; from every valley rose the hum of hopeful industry.

Cities were seen rising from the ashes, more resplendent than before the war; farms were once again snowy with cotton, or golden with grain.

In 1866, the industrial situation was sunlit; the black thunder clouds had rolled away, and the skies were clear; we were moving toward the future with the quick, confident step of those who feel that they *are marching into the dawn.*

In 1866, it was inconceivable that the day would ever come, in this land, whose wealth-producers have created riches to the amount of $110,000,000,000, when we should find three millions of toilers unemployed; should see them lift up their empty hands and beg, not for charity—oh, no!—but for *work,* and get neither charity nor work.

What was it, oh what was it! that cast the first shadow over the radiant landscape, that gave the first check to the industrial army which was advancing under the white banners of peace? What was it that drove back the rising tide of prosperity and strewed human wreckage all along the coast? Did idleness seize the workers? Did the clouds withhold the rain? Did the earth refuse its increase? No! no!

Such bountiful harvests never blessed a people as those which we have reaped. Never in this world!

How then, in the name of the Most High, how was it that the cup of hope was dashed to the ground and the word *Poverty, Poverty, Poverty,* stamped upon so many millions of people in the richest land upon which the sun ever shone?

The soldiers of the Union and the Confederacy had hardly stacked arms before the ravenous financiers of the big cities, East and North, organized to raid the industries of the country with a ferocious thoroughness which cared as little for those who wore the Blue as for those who wore the Gray. With every tool known to labor, wealth was produced by the workers, working in all the varied fields of production. The conspiring financiers worked in one field, only. They worked in Washington City. They worked on Congress. They wanted laws which would give to *them* the lion's share of all that should be produced in every place where labor toiled. They wanted acts of Congress which would Confiscate other people's property and transfer it to themselves.

They got what they wanted. And that, in brief, is the reason why those who concentrate their energies upon the law-making, get rich and stay rich, while those who concentrate their energies upon crop-making get poor and stay poor.

The destruction of nearly Two Thousand Million Dollars of the paper money of the government, which was such a blessing to the

people, but which was so much in the way of the plotting financiers; the desolating laws of contraction, which at every step lowered the price of products and elevated the price of money; the infamous deals in bonds by which the Wall Streeters periodically sheared the people as the Shepherd shears his sheep; the ever advancing demands of special privilege, whose greedy beggars could never get enough; the constant increase of taxation which has reached no Pillars of Hercules beyond which it dares not sail; the unequal distribution of the burdens and the benefits of government—the corporations getting most of the benefits and the common people most of the burdens—these are the main causes which have brought us to such a pass that the unprivileged millions live ever within the shadow of poverty, and are never certain, this month, that the next will not bring the wolf of want to howl at the door.

The Trusts.

For several years, a Big Stick President, Teddy the Strenuous, has been engaged in the alleged work of Trust-busting. Where's your busted Trust? Which one of them has been put out of business? You can not name it. How can a President, who has been "standing pat" with the Tariff standpatters do any effective trust-busting? You might as well try to purge and clarify the Gulf of Mexico without diverting the Mississippi. As long as you "stand pat" as to the River, the Gulf will "stand pat" in spite of you. Populism contends that the Trusts are the natural offspring of monopoly and that the only way to destroy a Trust is to kill the monopoly. Put on the free list those articles manufactured or handled by the Trusts. The foreign competitor will do the rest.

We American people—patriotic idiots that we are—give our hearty support to a protective policy, a Tariff system, which is a crushing load to everybody—with two exceptions. The first exception is, of course, the American manufacturer, who exploits the home market with his Trust; the second is the foreigner, who buys American goods cheaper than we can buy them, cheaper than he can buy the manufactured goods of his own country.

To our manufacturers we grant legislative favors which enable them to so exploit the victims of the home-market monopoly that, after putting aside a profit of eight per cent upon the money invested, they have left, as net profits, $2,672,000,000—a sum three times larger than the gross revenue of Great Britain!

It is a literal fact that after the beneficiaries of special privilege get their portions of the annual increase of the nation's wealth, none of it is left. The American workman brings forth every year the prodigious sum of Four and a Half Billions of Dollars. Yet, when we come to examine the official reports published by the Government, *the terrible fact* appears that the specially privileged have taken the entire amount. *A bare living* is all that is left for the workman of town and country, while to the beneficiaries of our damnable class laws has been awarded wealth that staggers human comprehension. If it isn't wrong—if it isn't crime against humanity, if it isn't an injustice which

cries aloud to high heaven, and which, unless righted, will convulse this country with the bloodiest revolution that ever shook the world, then all my reading and study have taught me nothing.

The Money Question.

Last Fall there was a panic, in spite of the fact that we had a greater amount of material wealth than ever before. Bankruptcy went stalking through the land, and the cry of distress rang from sea to sea. How did our Republican President—our friend of the "Big Stick"—deal with the panic? He followed precedent, doing just what our Democratic President, Mr. Cleveland, had done in 1893. J. P. Morgan was Commander-in-chief of the Wall street "patriots" who forced the panic, last Fall, just as he was in 1893; and to Morgan, Roosevelt's Administration virtually said, as Mr. Cleveland had said, in 1893:

"If nothing else but bonds will do you, come and get the bonds!"

What brought on the panic of 1907? The volume of real money has been so greatly lessened, in comparison to the country's need for money, that it is not difficult to "corner" the available supply. New York did this last Fall. Credits of all sorts had been recklessly extended, and when real money was needed, New York was found to be in possession of it, and New York held on to it. Neither banks nor individuals could get back their own money from New York without paying an extortionate price for it. How could the situation have been relieved?

The government should have broken the New York corner on money by issuing its own treasury notes—just as Andrew Jackson did in 1837.

When the British were being led into that death trap at New Orleans in 1815 and their whole campaign was falling into wreck and ruin, one of the Generals who had served under the Duke of Wellington in Portugal and Spain, cried out: "Oh, for an *hour of the old Duke!*"

There have been at least two occasions when the American people might have cried: "Oh, for an hour of the grim warrior who made that British General feel the need of the Old Duke! Oh, for an hour of Andrew Jackson!"

One of these occasions was when, in 1893, a so-called Democratic president exclaimed, in dismay: "My God, Oates, the bankers have got the Government by the leg!"

The other time was last winter, when the Secretary of the Treasury was handing out those Panama bonds—a violation of law for which he ought to have been impeached, just as Mr. Carlisle should have been impeached, in 1893, when the "endless chain" was filling Wall Street's ravenous maw with unlawfully issued bonds!

By Treasury rulings and by Acts of Congress our money system has been revolutionized. The system of the Constitution has been set aside. The Government has been made to abdicate one of its most important functions. It would not be more dangerous to delegate to private individuals the right to declare war and make treaties, than it is

to delegate the power to control the creation and distribution of the National currency.

Never did any Government surrender its royal prerogative of creating money, until the goldsmiths of London bribed a King's paramour to wheedle him into granting that fatal concession. As a matter of historical fact, the monstrous usurpation of our money lending class had its foul origin in the disgraceful relations which gave Barbara Villiers her power over Charles the Second.

Our forefathers, in framing the Constitution, denied to the states the power to make anything but gold and silver a legal tender of payment of debts, yet, today, *six thousand National* bankers, *private citizens though they are, practically do what the Constitution forbids the states to do.* To the extent of Six Hundred Million Dollars, they already have their personal notes in circulation *as money;* under the Aldrich-Vreeland bill, they are given the right to issue an additional Five Hundred Million. Think of it! Morgan, Ryan, Belmont, Rockefeller, Harriman are national bankers, as well as railroad owners. Under this new law, *they, as bankers, can monetize the securities which they issue as railroad owners.* You can not monetize land, nor cotton, nor wheat, nor corn, nor merchandize; but you can monetize any sort of railroad bonds which have been gathered up by the banking association and which the Secretary of the Treasury can be persuaded to look upon with favor. Nor is this the worst of it. When they are given the power to expand and contract the currency as the Aldrich-Vreeland bill gives it, they can not only send prices up or down, but can precipitate a panic whenever it is to their interest to do so. Thus our Government has deliberately given Wall Street almost absolute power over the 85,000,000 people of our Republic.

Who would not be shocked beyond expression if the Government should delegate any other of its sovereign functions to private persons, to be exploited for private gain? How long would it be before the flags of revolt would be unfurled from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from Ocean to Ocean, if a few of our money Kings were allowed to handle our Army and Navy? Such a situation is unthinkable. Yet we have its exact parallel—with no less terrible consequences—in the domination of these bankers.

Search ever so diligently throughout the vast storehouse of nature, and you will find no such a thing as money. Never did it exist until Governments called it into life. Nature doesn't produce armies; it merely provides the raw material. Nature does not produce navies; it only supplies the raw material. Just as it has ever been a governmental function to create armies and navies, so it ever has been a Governmental function to create money.

To supply the nation with its currency it not only the Government's prerogative, but its high and solemn duty. It is a part of the public domain, in the loftiest and truest sense. The bankers have invaded it and entrenched themselves upon it. Let the Government drive out the trespassers and reclaim the public domain. Let the Government itself create all the money. Every dollar thus called into being

will have for its security the law of Legal Tender, the industrial demands of the entire country and the wealth of all the people. . . .

The happiest era in the history of our Republic was the decade which preceded the Civil War. The principles of Jackson and Jefferson were supreme. What Populism is trying to do, is to bring back the ascendency of these principles, so that our people may again be prosperous and free and happy.

Taking advantage of the Civil War; taking advantage of the sectional passions which burned so long and so fiercely; taking advantage of the wickedness and woe of the Reconstruction period; these "non-combatant" financiers, actuated by the same spirit as that which sends the night prowler to the battlefield to rob the dead, contrived the cunning system of finance which shackles our commerce and despoils our labor.

Torn by sectional prejudice and political strife, the people on both sides, North and South, were unconscious of the vicious, vandal laws which were being put upon the Statute books.

Shall sectional prejudice always keep us blind to these facts? Shall political agitation always deafen us to the Voice of Truth?

God forbid!

May the ignorant masses learn; may the sleeping masses wake up; may the abject masses get the stoop out of their backs; may the overburdened masses come to know and to feel that their burdens are not God-made, but man-made; and may the hearts of the people be once again filled and thrilled by the grand old principle of Anglo-Saxon manhood—it is better to die the death of the brave and the free than to lead the life of the coward and the slave!

The Federal Judiciary.

In a nicely balanced system like ours, where the States revolve, each in its own orbit, around the great central sun, the Federal Government, it means governmental chaos if one of the States leaves its appointed sphere, or if the Central Government moves out of its Constitutional position.

The original thirteen colonies were independent of each other. When Great Britain acknowledged their independence, she named each one, separately, as an independent State. The Old Confederation was a League of Sovereigns. When the more perfect Union was formed, under the Constitution of 1787, it became necessary to establish a tribunal which should have authority to set aside the law of a State when such law violated the constitution.

To preserve the dignity of the States and the uniformity of decisions, it was provided in the Judiciary Act of 1789, that the test of the Constitutionality of a State law should first be made in the State Courts of the State whose law was challenged, and that if the State Courts refused to set aside the statute in question, an appeal might be taken from the Supreme Court of the State to the Supreme Court of the United States.

That method of testing the Constitutionality of a state law has never been changed by Congress, nor by any amendment to the Federal Constitution. It is the law of the land today. Previous to the Civil War, no State law was ever attacked in any other manner.

Where do the federal judges of District Courts get their authority to enjoin Governors and suspend the operation of State laws, as they have been doing since the Civil War? What line of the Revised Statutes gives these lower federal courts any such jurisdiction? What clause in the Constitution justifies them?

It can not be found. It does not exist. The act of the federal courts that have been enjoining State authorities, annulling State law and arrogating to themselves the right to put a veto on State legislation, is nothing in the world but the encroaching audacity of the corporations, acting through the servility of the judge!

The Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution has no other purpose than to protect the States from just such outrageous wrongs and humiliations as they have been subjected to by corporation attorneys, presiding as judges, during the last thirty or forty years.

If the laws of the State are wrong, why can not they be attacked first in the State Courts, as the Judiciary Act of 1789 provides? If the State Courts uphold an Act of the Legislature which is in conflict with the Constitution, redress can be had by an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The original thirteen independent States which agreed to the "more perfect union" would never have surrendered their sovereignty to any greater extent than that.

A law of Georgia which has never been repealed emphatically commanded the Governor of the State to refuse to accept service in any case brought against the State in the Federal Courts by private individuals.

This Legislative Act shows the spirit of our ancestors. So far have we wandered from old landmarks, so indifferent have we become to the great principles upon which our Government is founded, that neither the Legislature nor the people made an outcry last year when a private corporation, which was called into life by the laws of this State, haled the State of Georgia to a lower federal court and demanded that the Sovereign State show cause to this federal judge, why one of her laws should not be torn out of the books, *by the judge of this inferior federal court.*

The Governor accepted service, went into that inferior federal court, and earnestly implored the judge to allow the grand old State of Georgia—one of the original thirteen—to carry on her State Government!

If ever I am President of this Republic, I promise you one thing: That these corporation henchmen, acting as federal judges, are going to get such a call-down as will make them glad to scurry back to their Constitutional sphere. To accomplish this, nothing more is necessary than that the Executive power shall assert itself and restore the balance between the Executive, the Legislative and the Judicial Departments. If I should represent the Chief Executive power, the manner

in which it will be asserted will make good reading for future generations.

The Teutonic People: Never Patient Serfs

The Latins sunk under the weight of Special Privilege. On the luminous pages of Gibbon you read of the Decline and Fall of Rome. But we Americans are descendants of the Teutonic people—a stronger race than the Latins. We are the sons of the men who could never be conquered by Rome. It was the victory of our heroic ancestors in the woods of Germany—annihilating the Roman force—that called to the lips of the Emperor Augustus the cry: "Oh, Varus, give me back my legions!"

It was the Teuton who was hired to fight the battles of Rome, when she was no longer able to fight them herself. It was the Teuton who finally became tired of upholding the rotten Empire of the Cæsars, and who helped divide it out among better men. It was the Teuton who met the shock of the invading hordes of Mahomet, rescued Europe from the Crescent and held it for the Cross. It was the Teuton who battled against the elements of chaos, in the Dark Ages, and came forth triumphant, with the great lines of social order slowly taking their place around him, and the light of dawning civilization on the tip of his spear.

The women of the East, taken captive in war, wore lightly the chains which Roman masters placed upon them. They had been slaves at home, mere ministers to sensuality, and to them a change of seraglios was not a matter of vital concern. But the women of the West, they from whom come to us our mothers, wives, sisters—whenever the Teuton soldiers had lost a fight, and the legions of Rome were lords of the vanquished, the Teuton women, who had followed their loved ones to the war, slew themselves rather than yield to Roman lust. Glorious women of the West! "Fashioned in Paradise," wreathed in graces and virtues like blossoms plucked in the green fields of Eden, "led down to earth by angels along a pathway of stars—to be the joy, the blessing, the inspiration of noble men."

Sons of such women were never meant for slaves, nor have they ever patiently endured the yoke of any servitude. In spite of strong-walled castles and mail-clad knights, our ancestors broke down the military aristocracy which had ridden over them and despoiled them in the Feudal Ages.

In spite of Norman craft and Norman valor, our ancestors brought tyrannical kings to their knees and wrenched from their reluctant hands the Charters which have been the cradles of modern Democracy.

And if *we* tamely submit to the financial aristocracy which erects its strongholds upon the heights of Special Privilege and from these lofty battlements sends forth the marauding statutes that hold us up on every highway and rob us of what is ours—if *we* yield to these insolent and insatiable plutocrats *WITHOUT A FIGHT*, we will be the first branch of the great Teutonic family that ever disgraced itself by such a pusillanimous surrender.

I, for one, am proud of a record of prolonged, consistent, and determined battle against the infamous class legislation whose yoke we bear. And because of this record and because my comrades call me, and because of the memory of the thousands of the men of the Old Guard of Populism who as long as they lived stood by me, and believed in me and loved me, and because the monitor that speaks to me from within says *Do it,* I accept the nomination which my Party has tendered.

Any soldier can fight bravely when he knows that his are the heavy battalions that are sure to win. The truest soldiers are those who fight gallantly when they know they can not win. Why, then, do they fight?

Because, sometimes, it is better to have fought and lost than not to have fought at all. From every field of our Civil War—from every part of that bloody path which stretches from Big Bethel to Appomattox, if those who wore the Gray could speak, would come the voice:

"Believing as we did, we *had* to fight. Honor, self-respect, patriotic convictions were imperative—we *had* to fight. And on these fields where we fought and fell, in the Lost Cause, as well as upon the fields of Thermopylæ, Marathon, Bannockburn, King's Mountain and Yorktown, the glorious old truth is still the truth, 'To die for one's country is sweet!'"

Believing, as we Populists do, the inner law of our natures, which we dare not disobey, must control; and the law says: "Forward, March!"

It is not ours to consider the number of volunteers who may rally to our standard. It is not ours to measure chances and to weigh probable results. It is sufficient for us to know *what is our duty.*

Where conviction says we should go, we will go. What conscience says we must do, will be done. Having obeyed the law of our being in this behalf, we leave the rest to that God in whose divine economy no true word or work was ever lost.

In ancient times, they had no easy way of "striking a light" and making a fire. Yet it happened, time and again, that there was no light to be had. The fires had been neglected, everywhere, and the whole nation found itself in darkness. To rekindle the spark was a most tedious and difficult matter; therefore, the ancients, to prevent a recurrence of the calamity, set apart certain individuals whose sole duty it was in life to *keep the light* burning.

In Rome, the preservation of the fire was given a sacred character; a temple was built for the service, and those who were set apart to feed the flame were consecrated as to a religious duty.

Pure young women were chosen as guardian angels of the sacred fire, and if one of these Vestal Virgins lost her own purity, or let the light in the temple go out, *the penalty was death.*

Within the temple, night and day, winter and summer, year in and year out, the Vestal Virgin watched her sacred flame. Roman eagles might be flying to the uttermost ends of the earth; Roman legions might be camping on the distant Rhine, or chasing Picts and Scots to the Grampian Hills, or forming lines of battle upon the Euphrates—

but in the temple, at Rome, would be found the eternal fire, with the Vestals feeding it, night and day.

If the light went out in the house of any Roman—rich or poor, country or town—he was not left in darkness. Straightway he betook himself to the temple and lit his torch at the fire which the Vestals had kept alive.

And all over the broad dominions of Rome there was never a fear of universal darkness, for they knew that if one Vestal fell away from duty, another would take her place, and that Vestals might come and Vestals go, but the light would shine forever.

Oh, my countrymen! Each of us is a temple, within each of us was lit the sacred fire, within each of us are the better angels of our nature, whose eternal vigilance is needed to keep the temple pure and the light trimmed and burning. As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. The grandeur of the Republic must always rest upon the nobility of the citizen.

Does the sacred fire burn low within me? Then woe unto me—for I have lessened the Nation's splendor. Has the light gone out of your life? Then woe unto you—for the Nation has lost a part of its glory.

To every man and woman who has listened to this address, to every man and woman who shall hereafter read it, I appeal:

Consecrate the temple; keep pure and perpetual the Vestal service; for it is moral death to the individual to neglect the fire; it is moral death to the Nation to lose the light.

THE OPIUM FIEND

You ask me why I sit all day and dream,
Inhaling what you call the noxious fumes
Of this dark, stifling drug. So may it seem
To many who have tasted not its joy;
But to me 'tis a gorgeous paradise
Wherein the glittering forms of seraphs move
In joyful throngs, with cries of ecstacy.
Full oft it is a calm and placid port
Of soothing rest from mad, tumultous waves
Of life. They say I killed my tender wife
By my excess, for much my darling loved;
But she is dead, and I'm alone in bliss,
And she, perhaps, a fairer angel makes
Than wife. So no regret nor grief have I.
What matters it? We all must, some day, die.
I am content, and Ting Fu watches me—
He draws my sixty rupees income now—
What little food I eat, he brings to me.
My strength is gone, and I am failing fast.
When first I came one pipe brought dreams to me,
But now it takes the ninth to soothe my brain.
But when I feel that I'm about to go
I'll call Ting Fu, and leave this dirty rug
For one that's clean. And then he'll fill my pipe
That I may die inhaling soothing fumes.

—Bishop Nettles Alsbrook.

WHEN THE MILL SHUTS DOWN

HOSE who predicted that the American working people would finally be assimilated by a "Benevolent Feudalism," must needs put far, far into the future the fulfilment of their prophecy. The feudalism may be here, but as yet even the benevolence dictated by self-interest has shown only sporadic signs of arrival. If we remember what feudalism meant, it was a rough exchange of general persecution for the protection afforded by bondage to the strongest lord. The vassals did his bidding, fought his battles, made captives of such wretches of their own class whom fate let fall into their hands. The lord fed, clothed, protected and provided for them in so far as it was necessary in order that they might be in physical condition to work or fight for his interests.

Is there any real analogy in our class conditions today? When the mine or the mill or the factory decides to wage any form of industrial war, does it consider the necessities of its own operatives? Never. If a breath be borne from some New England cotton manufacturer that the time honored custom of coercion requires that "the bottom drop out of the cotton business," it promptly drops with worse than the "dull, sickening thud" of fiction upon their own employees first. From Massachusetts to Mississippi a dejected stream of "hands" trickles slowly home in an idleness infinitely pathetic, because no provision has been, nor ever could have been, made for it. As the dreary days drag by, heart-racking want deepens to starvation. Aid from the public—the public that is taxed and bullied for the benefit of these manufacturers, alone comes to the rescue of their "hands."

Wherever in history have slaves fared worse? These pitiful "hands" grope blindly for succor and find it not. They have been imported by the shipload (under steerage conditions viler than those any ancient slaver ever tolerated), from suffering Europe; or they have been drawn from our mountain wilds and isolated fields, solely for the aggrandizement of the mills which give more care to the cheap remnants of their looms than to the stunned operatives they turn adrift, in order to gain some point in financial strategy.

Why, the panic last winter solved their labor problem beautifully. They found, poor "Captains of Industry," that their hands had actually begun to demand some share in what they were told was the general prosperity. Men thought they themselves ought to earn enough to keep their tiny children out of the mill. This was outrageous, of course, and the panic was a direct dispensation of Providence. The hands grovelled and became grateful for reduced wages. It was found that half the original force,

scared by the fear of losing their jobs, did all the work the entire number had done. Like tired horses, lashed to still further exertion, they put forth the last particle of energy they had. The mill piled up products, at greatly reduced expenses, and the peace of the uttermost servility pervaded the office of the "Captain."

When the mill wants to play upon the producer of raw material, the same tactics prevail. What does the sum of human woe matter if they can pay a few cents less for what they need and charge a few cents more for what they make? If agitation is to be silenced, if labor is to be disciplined, if the public is to be robbed, if legislation is to be coerced, if an election is to be brought about, *the mill shuts down.* In every instance, its own employees bear the brunt of the misery the employing classes deliberately inflict.

"Benevolent feudalism" is a dream of luxury compared to the conditions of horrible serfdom which really prevail, so long as our laboring classes are exploited as slaves, without the slaves' bare right to be fed from the master's hand.

TO A WILD FLOWER

O little creature of the Wilding brood,
Thou blossom-sparrow—frailest life of Bloom—
Thy fall is marked of His dear Fatherhood
As sure as Star-world crashing to its doom.

—Ada A. Mosher.

HOW BRYAN SCOOPED THE INDEPENDENT

Or "The Story of a Suppressed Populist Newspaper"

By THOMAS H. TIBBLES

(Reprinted from Tom Watson's Magazine June, 1905)

AT one time there were fifteen hundred weekly papers advocating the principles of the Omaha platform. Some of them had large plants, some only a few cases of type and a Washington press, but all were actuated by one purpose—to make conditions easier for those who toiled on farms, in shops, factories, mines and mills. Among those still fighting up to the first of April of this year was the *Nebraska Independent*. Many such papers were crushed by various devices, chief among which was that the great advertisers of the land, all being allied with Wall Street, refused to give them any business. Numerous instances could be cited where Populist papers were refused advertisements given to plutocratic papers not having one-tenth the circulation and paid for at a higher rate than the proprietors of the Populist papers would have taken. In the files of the *Nebraska Independent* may be found scores of letters from advertising agents, who had been solicited for business, saying: "If you will make your paper an exclusively agricultural journal, we will be glad to give you a good line of business, but we cannot patronize it as long as it advocates Populism." Every reform editor has had the same experience.

Thirteen years ago the agricultural papers everywhere were publishing articles defending Populist principles. Then all at once such articles were seen in their pages no more, and immediately the papers were flooded with high-priced advertising. The religious press was caught in the same trap. It is strange that the devout readers of those papers never once had their suspicions aroused when they saw so many display advertisements of trusts, banks and promotion schemes in their modest little religious journals. Notwithstanding all such schemes, the *Nebraska Independent* lived and its circulation gradually extended into every state and territory. It became evident that to get rid of it other tactics would have to be employed. To destroy the paper was not the objective. It was to destroy the People's Party. With the *Independent* in hostile hands the political fortifications built up by it in Nebraska and other states would be deserted and the Bryan, Belmont, Sheehan and Tom Taggart Demo-

cratic Party would walk in and take possession.

The main battle was fought in the Populist state convention August 10, 1904. The proposition to force a fusion with the Democrats, under the head of the most disreputable end of Wall Street, on the face of it was most absurd. But the doing of absurd things never ruffles the placid countenance of Mr. Bryan. The idea that there could be any real opposition to his imperial will in Nebraska, aside from the Republican Party, never seemed to enter his mind. Heretofore when Mr. Bryan entered a Democratic or Populist convention, the fusion Populists and Democrats bowed and worshiped. The only thing that convention had to do was to find out what Mr. Bryan wished and then proceed to do it with all possible haste. It became evident that this convention would have to be handled differently. Mr. Bryan all the winter, spring and summer had been denouncing Judge Parker as a "dishonest candidate, running on a dishonest platform," and then he had come home from St. Louis, sat down at his desk and the first words that he wrote were: "I shall vote for Parker and Davis." The Populists remembered how for eight years he had been coming to their conventions, and in his sweet and winning way telling them how noble they were to put principle above party and vote for men of another party if they thought they could advance reform by so doing. Many of them, who had always supported Mr. Bryan since he first appeared on the battlefields of politics, thought that the time had come when he should practice what he preached. Mr. Bryan realized that there was trouble ahead, but it was thought that if the *Nebraska Independent* would support the Bryan plan that a fusion legislature could be elected that would send Mr. Bryan to the United States Senate.

The editor of the *Independent* was obstreperous. He had had enough of fusion with a party half of which was more disreputably plutocratic than the Republican Party, and whose "irrevocable" rules were so rigid that they required a man, upon a vote of a convention, to come out boldly before the people and advocate a policy he had denounced by pen and voice for eight years. All sorts of schemes were devised to bring this obstreperous editor into subjection to the imperial will of Mr. Bryan. The first was to send all the leading men of the state, from the Chief Justice down, to use persuasion. That failed. Then Mr. Bryan's personal daily organ in the state tried a new deal. It poured out on Mr. Tibbles the most fulsome flattery day after day. It said that if he would only say "fusion" every Populist in the state would obey his command. When all that failed Mr. Bryan came himself. The proposition that he made was that a fusion electoral ticket be put in the field composed of four Populists and four Democrats, Mr. Bryan saying that, "in the event of their election, each party could count the full vote as its own." The proposition was instantly rejected. Others followed. Mr. Bryan came to the *Independent* editorial room four different times, using all his eloquence and persuasive powers to get the editor to consent to and advocate a fusion with a party that had nominated Parker, and whose campaign was put into the hands of the most disreputable gang that ever sought Wall Street favor.

Mr. Bryan gave orders that everything visible, clear to the political horizon, and other things invisible lying behind the floating clouds, should

be offered to the Populist convention providing that the Populists would fuse. The battle was fought out on the convention floor. Many Democrats had secured seats as delegates. One Democrat came over from his own convention and answered to the call of Thurston County in the Populist convention which had no delegates present and voted the fifteen votes that county was entitled to every time for fusion. Out of the hell-broth brewed in that all-night session there floated upon the fusion scum Bryan, Belmont, Sheehan, Tom Taggart and, remember this last name, George W. Berge.

Nearly the whole State ticket was given to the Populists—only three unimportant offices being conceded to the Democrats, and Berge—George Washington Berge — captured the prize infamy, the fusion nomination for Governor. Bryan would allow no other name to be mentioned in the Democratic convention, although there were two or three Democrats there who had spent time and much money during the previous years fighting Bryan's battles for him, and who had expressed a desire to receive a complimentary vote for that office. When Bryan speaks the Nebraska Democrat turns pale.

The *Independent* was still a thorn in the side of these fusionists. The editor openly declared that he never would vote for or support a Belmont-Bryan-Parker Democrat. Then it was that fusion itch for office and Bryan diplomacy joined forces to destroy the *Independent*. The plutocratic Republican attacks upon it had been of no avail, and week after week it had proclaimed the doctrines of the People's Party for years. In an open fight against awful odds it had fought battle after battle, sometimes victorious and sometimes defeated, but it fought on. It took fusion treason, it took the work of men who constantly proclaimed themselves Populists, who insisted upon attending Populist conventions while their sole aim was to destroy the People's Party, to do what all the hosts of plutocracy had failed to do.

As soon as the vote for fusion had been announced in the convention as prevailing, more than half the delegates present—whole counties had been voted for fusion when only one or two delegates were in the city—rose and left. The next morning they hired a hall and discussed the proposition of putting a straight Populist ticket in the field, but when it was remembered that the fusionists had the legal organization and the ticket would have to go on the ballot under some other name than People's Party the project was abandoned. The result was that 20,000 Populists voted the Republican ticket, 30,000, stayed at home and refused to vote, and a little over 20,000 voted the Populist national ticket. The Senate of the Nebraska Legislature was solidly Republican; the House had only nine fusionists in it. Mr. Bryan saw to it that they all cast their votes for a straight Democrat for United States Senator. All that was necessary to get the fusionists to do that, both those who called themselves Democrats and those who called themselves Populists, was for them to imagine that they heard a far-off rumble that sounded like the voice of Bryan saying: "Vote for a Democrat."

When the conventions were over and the campaign committees appointed, the fusionists found that it was a difficult thing to make a campaign in Nebraska. Something must be done to get the *Independent* to fight the battle for them, but the *Independent* still declared that it would not sup-

port a Parker Democrat. Then, sad to relate, the editor of the *Independent* got taken in himself.

The Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, a brother-in-law to Bryan, came to Mr. Tibbles declaring that he represented Mr. Bryan and was speaking in Bryan's name, and made the following proposition:

If Mr. Tibbles would spend most of his time out of the state during the campaign, and let the *Independent* support the fusion ticket, all of whose nominees except three were Populists, Mr. Bryan on his part would agree to go to Arizona or Colorado and get sick. He would continue to keep sick until the close of the campaign—so sick that he would not be able to make any campaign speeches at all. An exception was made in regard to Indiana. It was said that Mr. Bryan had promised to make three speeches in Indiana in support of his old personal friend who was running for Governor of the State, but it was further stipulated that these three speeches should not be political speeches, but repetitions of Mr. Bryan's lecture on "Ideals."

Mr. Bryan went to Arizona and sent home a letter saying that he was worse and would not be able to deliver any political speeches during the campaign. The letter was printed in the Lincoln daily papers and was shown to Mr. Tibbles as proof that Mr. Bryan was keeping his contract.

The chairman of the Democratic State Committee went to New York, saw Parker, Sheehan, Belmont, Tom Taggart and the rest of the band of financial and political pirates. He came home with money for campaign expenses. Then Mr. Bryan hired a special train and started out speech-making in Nebraska and in other states. The surprising rapidity with which his lung healed has never been equalled in all the history of medicine. But when the votes were counted it was learned that wherever Mr. Bryan spoke, whether from the rear end of his car, on a platform by the railway side, or in theatre or hall, a tidal wave of Republican votes followed him, although he pleaded with his Democratic hearers to be "regular." Hundreds of thousands of Democrats listened to this man, who for eight years had been denouncing Wall Street and all its ways, and was now consorting with the most disreputable part of Wall Street, urging them to vote to keep it in power. Humiliated, sad at heart, their idol carrying the banner of the enemy, in the enemy's ranks, they turned their backs in scorn upon Mr. Bryan, went to the polls and voted the Republican ticket. If they were to have Wall Street and plutocracy, they wanted the old, genuine article, not "something just as good." The fusionists declared that wherever Watson or Tibbles spoke they made votes for Roosevelt. They did not make one Roosevelt vote where Bryan made a thousand.

Mr. Berge—George Washington Berge—received a large vote for Governor. This was because Mickey, the Republican, who was running for re-election, was cordially hated by the whole Republican Party. Thirty thousand Republicans voted for Berge, and then he was defeated. But Berge is a fusionist. He wants office, and especially the office of Governor of Nebraska.

It seemed necessary, if Mr. Bryan was to prove his undying love for the Democratic Party, to convince all Eastern Democrats that he would forever prove "regular" no matter who was nominated or what the platform was, and it seemed to the fusionists, if they were to have any of the spoils of victory when the national Govern

ment was captured, that the People's Party must be destroyed. It must never hold another state or national convention. They all agreed that the Party had done a wonderful work for the nation, that its principles were being everywhere adopted, but it must be crucified, officially pronounced dead and buried, and the first step toward that object was the destruction of the *Nebraska Independent.*

Mr. Berge is a lawyer. He never has had a day's experience in a newspaper office. He announced that he would start a paper in Lincoln in opposition to the *Independent.* Then a proposition was made to the proprietor of the *Independent* to sell out. A very large price was offered. When the proprietor faced these facts, he began to get discouraged. He had grown up in Lincoln. He had associated with these fusionists for years. The fight which he saw in the near future with these men was an unpleasant thing to contemplate. The cost of running a great newspaper plant is large. When it was known that the home advertising would in part be lost, and also a large share of the job work, the moment the editor defied Bryan and the fusionists, the outlook was gloomy. To those whom the *Independent* had always fought in the city and state were to be added hundreds of others who had passed as friends. And the proprietor became discouraged.

It *is* somewhat discouraging to go to a convention ostensibly composed of men of your own party and see the most active members of it engaged in a scheme to destroy your party. These have been the conditions in every Populist convention in the State of Nebraska since 1890. The only thing that prevented the party from being destroyed sooner was the *Nebraska Independent.* The fusionists became more and more convinced of that fact, and the scheme was invented to publish a paper in opposition in the same city, which, while claiming to be Populistic, would work for the destruction of the party. Credit for the invention belongs to George Washington Berge. The hope was entertained that when the People's Party was destroyed all the Populists would go into the Democratic Party and George Washington Berge would be Governor and W. J. Bryan United States Senator.

The proprietor of the *Independent* was bound in the contract transferring to George Washington Berge, the title to the paper, not to engage in the business of publishing a reform paper for five years, but the fusionists found that it would be impossible to put any shackles on the editor. He intends to fight on. Just as all the world is beginning to accept Populist principles he does not propose to sheathe his sword and stand by, a passive spectator. The greatest battle of the age is to be fought. He "is going up against" that crowd again.

The columns of the *Independent* have been an open forum for any man who thought he had something that would benefit humanity. In the columns of the paper he could always voice his sentiments. Besides that, it has been a journal of economics, sociology, philosophy, ethics, finance, single tax, land, Government and all the decent news. Now it has gone into the hands of an ordinary Western lawyer who never read a standard work of authority on any one of these subjects. It is to be a personal organ after the fashion of the one that W. J. Bryan publishes in the same town. W. J. Bryan is the most accomplished orator of the day. He has personal acquaintances in every state and territory. Millions have

met and shaken hands with him. Geo. W. Berge has some acquaintances outside of Lancaster County, and besides that, Berge is a Populist engaged in destroying the Populist Party. These are his elements of success.

The Populists of the different states and territories who have been readers of the *Independent* will in the near future have a place to express their views and read discussions of the great problems that are pressing for solution. We will be heard. For years not a great daily would print a line in defense of the fundamental principles of Populism. Now magazines are making fortunes for their proprietors who have admitted some of these principles to their pages. Some of these magazines have a greater circulation than was ever known before anywhere in the world for monthly periodical literature. The People's Party is not dead. The *Nebraska Independent* will rise from its ashes stronger and better than ever before! The vilest, rottenest, worst smelling spot in all the preserves of plutocracy is that place where the fusionist roams, seeking to destroy the organization that gave him the only opportunities of life.

* * * * *

(The *Independent* did *not* rise from its ashes. On the contrary, Mr. Berge rose up, with all the wrath of a man who has been soft soaped and gold bricked, and sued other Christians for damages. We don't hear that he has yet cashed in on his law-suit, but Bro. Thomas H. Tibbles is now a strong Bryan man, and is camping on the spot which he declared smelt so badly —to wit, the spot "where the fusionist roams.")

MY MISSION

A piece of clay to mold and shape
Is given unto me;
(I am the Potter's instrument,)
What shall the vessel be?
So soft and pliable it lies,
So passive and so still;
Responsive to my every touch,
I mold it as I will.
And yet, potentially, it holds
Far more than I can say;
The strength and power of giant forms
Are in this piece of clay.

I tremble as I take the gift,
This pleasurable care;
For hidden deep, somewhere there lies
The Potter's image, fair!
He bids me labor to reveal
The wondrous power and might
Of treasures hid in earthen clay,
To show what God is like.
And so each day I work and pray
And grow impatient, maybe;
For, O, dear Lord, I long to see
Thine image in my baby!

—Luella Knott

Tallahassee, Fla.

ZORA FAIR

By FRANCIS MARIA SCOTT

NESTLING in the verdure-clad hills of Middle Georgia is the pretty little village of Oxford, well known because Emory College has been there since 1837. On this particular afternoon the college boys are out in larger numbers than usual, and they do not seem to be under the ordinary restraint; there is evidently a subdued excitement, in which boys and men, girls and women, share alike, and only occasionally, does a boy speak in a loud tone, when some one will say:

"Hush, it is no time for excitement," as though some great peril were imminent; and another rejoins,

"Even you boys must be men, in defense of your mothers and sisters," whereupon the boys clinch their fists, and their young eyes flash the fire of suppressed emotion and excitement.

What is this? It is '61. Though all things in the life of every Southern man should fall, this date is ineffaceably written upon the tablet of his memory, because traced with the marred, but beloved finger dipped in life blood!

* * * * *

The village retains its name; the great old oaks shade the same houses, provide the same Nature's corridors for the street passengers; yea, the same village, but where are the college boys, who paraded the streets in the glory of their pride, casting sheep's eyes at the pretty maidens, and later, burning with patriotism and eagerness for the fray? They have gone to the fighting line, in the defense of their South—country, for the protection of their homes, and to save their mothers, sisters, and sweethearts.

Sad, unfamiliar faces stand in the doorways, peer through the windows; or try, in some way, to adjust themselves to their new surroundings. War, because so rife with death, is a mighty leveler, and there is a strange dearth of scornful looks, and absence of "respect of persons," in the inhabitants of this village of Oxford; for a common peril threatens their lives; and, there is no distinction going before, or following in, the wake of death.

These strange faces that you see are those who have taken refuge from battle-infested localities, in the quiet of the hills, under the shade of the trees—but, alas, their retreat is bethought and their churches are converted into hospitals, a fitting place indeed, because the words of the Master teach works for the Master.

College and campus, generally guarded so jealously from intruders, now throng with doctors, soldiers, and volunteer nurses, both men and women, who are caring for the wounded, sick, and dying. The campus graveyard is getting its share of expansion, and many there are who are taking their last sleep under the shade of the campus trees.

A dash of calvarymen, in blue, coarse and exultant, is not infrequent,

raiding the quiet village, and the refugees make preparation to move to another point, when some spokesman suggests to them that "one place is about as good as another now, Sherman is going to spread himself over the whole country if he can hold his army." About that time some infantry, in grey, will come into the town, and the refugees get so busy feeding, and trying to clothe them, that they forget the danger for the time, in their sympathetic deeds.

Self-preservation *is* the first law of Nature, and self-entertainment is, I think, the second law of Nature; for, despite imminent peril, disaster, yea, in the face of death, man will entertain himself, and so, after feeling this common danger, intermingling in this common work, and being in this terrible strain for weeks, months, years, these human beings began to feel the need of relaxation, and some of the more sanguine and lighter-hearted suggested an opera. A callous fellow said:

"Call it 'The Swan Song,'" but this did not commend itself to the valiant, when another said,

"'The War Song,' it shall be."

And so, between times of nursing and burying, the new population of Oxford busied itself rehearsing for the melo-drama, and became interested in the coming entertainment. It was even suggested by a venturesome, material fellow that refreshments be served, but another facetiously said that hoe-cake and potato coffee would not be a desirable menu, and the good women decided that even this would be taking food from the soldiers' mouths.

There were no dress suits or "creations" upon this occasion, as the men, who were well or convalescent, prepared for their parts as actor or audience, by a bath, shave, hair-cut and comb, and a dusting of old suits, or bespattered uniforms; or a donning of the paper suit for the stage. The women washed out their homespun dresses, if actresses, or appeared in some ante-bellum thing as a specimen of "faded gentility," if audience. However, there were beautiful women, and brave men, yea, and brave women too, in that assembly. You can imagine the putting away of caste when I tell you that even the colony of Charlestonians refugeed there participated in the drama, given at Oxford, in defiance of Sherman and his ruthless men.

Among the colonists was a South Carolina gentleman, of the old school, Mr. ———— Fair, whose daughter was named Zora, and she was fair by nature as well as name. Zora was slight, above medium in height, clear-cut features, auburn hair, eyes of luminous brown, sweet-mouthed, a patrician in face and form, a soulful face; but so far, her filial affection, and her loyalty to the Confederacy, were the only spirits that influenced and impelled her; so, Zora Fair, because of her beauty and voice, was the heroine of "The War Song."

Mr. Fair did not attend the entertainment because of any levity of heart he felt, or even because he wanted to parade the beauty of his daughter, but he came from a sense of duty, deeming that all there needed fellowship because they were fellow-sufferers, and then he hoped to hear something upon which he could act, either for his country or for himself.

The climax was reached! Zora's voice rang out clear and sweet, carroling the triumph of the Confederacy; her beauty was intensified, her soul was in the song; the audience was spell-bound, and expressed itself according to its culture, some by deep,

quiet interest, others by clapping of hands, and one "cracker" by jumping upon his chair, and hallooing "Hurrah; Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the Confederacy"; and the curtain went down.

Tears of emotion rained down Zora's cheeks, and she sank into a chair, and into thought. This study absorbed her, and no one spoke to her, but one by one the actors and actresses left the stage and gathered in an ante-room in the rear. After a long time Zora joined them, as the jocular soldier was just saying:

"There is but one thing I would rather do than hear Miss Zora sing."

"One guess will get that," replied a fellow-convalescent.

"Yes, we are about one hundred thousand now, with a single thought, that is, the demolition of the Federal forces," continued Mr. Fair, in order to draw them out.

"Say, what do you suppose that Sherman is going to do next?" inquired a citizen of the Confederacy, who had personated the spy, in the opera.

The conversation that Mr. Fair anticipated at last began, and he listened eagerly:

"Only his strongest ally, 'His Satanic Majesty' can tell," declared another.

"Why, I know what he'll do. He'll execute his long cherished plan of cutting his way through homes and hearts from Atlanta to the Atlantic," said another rebel.

"Yes, for his wishes are his right of way," acquiesced a third strategist. "He may follow Hood, or he may come upon us."

"I believe he wanted Hood to go to Tennessee, and I do not think he has any idea of following him. I understand he was heard to say that he would give Hood the rations to go to Tennessee with, if he would go. Now, I am sure he will take up his March of Death to the sea," said the positive fellow.

"As the unexpected has not failed to happen in this war, the only thing I know of to be done is to go and ask him," said another with characteristic soldier-levity.

"One volunteer at a time, please, so that I can get the names," laughed Mr. Jocularity; but, without a smile came these words from the sweet mouth of Zora Fair,

"I will go and ask him."

This girl was too pretty, sweet and womanly, to be jeered, but they knew she could only be jesting, and one of them said,

"I'll wager you odds, Miss Zora, you would not ask him, if you should beard the lion in his den."

"Certainly not, if he roared once. Ask Mr. Johnston how he can roar," suggested another.

"I do not think Gen. Johnston is afraid of General Sherman," retorted Miss Fair, with true womanly defense.

Mr. Fair was busy with his own thoughts, and, for the time, forgot his momentary fear at the words of his daughter.

Presently they attuned their voices to the dear old air of "Home, Sweet Home," after which they dispersed to their homes in cottages, mansions, churches, hospitals, college, or campus tents, and slept as though Sherman and Grant did not exist.

* * * * *

The turn of midnight of October 16, 1864, brought on a cold, drizzling rain, in which a lone negro woman wended her way in a northwesterly direction along the railroad track of the Georgia Railway. She was, apparently, bent upon some mission that required haste, for she walked rapid-

ly. She did not seem to be utterly devoid of fear; for, sometimes, she would cast furtive glances on one side or the other of the right of way of the road-bed. Faithful, or faithless creature, we do not know, but in these days of war, waste, and distress, strange things are the order of the day and night, and you may be the servant of your mistress, in the fulfilment of a momentous mission; or, you may be a run-away from her to whom you have a thousand times volunteered a profession of loyalty and allegiance. She continues her course in the darkness of that dreary night, which has become gross in its gloom, and may almost be felt in its density, until the lonely wayfarer is evidently afraid of going through a trestle or down an embankment, for she crawls along on the cross-ties, when, suddenly she stops, feeling a presence. She almost ceases to breathe, but it is too late, the picket has seen her and exclaims,

"What the devil is this—man or beast?"

The negress can not see whether the uniform is blue or grey, and so she adroitly asks:

"Law, honey, it haint nobody but me, ol' Dinah, an' I axes yo' ter fergib me fer disruptin' your somnambulations, but—who is you honey—is yo' a soldier too?"

"I am only a soldier one, Mrs. Dinah," ("Ah," thought Dinah, "if he had been Southern, he would have said 'Auntie' ") "and to my sorrow be it said, for if I were two, one of me would eat while the other starves, one of me would sleep while the other pickets, one of me would die while the other serves Gen. Sherman; but, Mrs. Dinah, what are you doing here in this h— of a night, when a Yank can't see a Reb in the dark, and he can cut the blackness with his sword —if he had one. What is it?"

"Ise glad to hear you call de big General's name, case its him Ise seekin' to free me from de chains ob slavery, but I hope you won't tell nobody where Ise gwine?"

"I will not, Mrs. Dinah," and the burly soldier laughed outright, "for I guess I'd crawl on my hands and knees in a dark night if I'd been a slave for sixty or seventy years. I won't tell, but old woman, you had better go in that tent and sleep until morning, and then pursue your pilgrimage to Mr. Mecca Sherman, because further up the road the bridge has been burned, and no mere human can cross that foot-path of timber from pier to pier, in this devilish dark."

"Honey, does you know dat dis dark is not evil, but good, and while I tank you fer your kin' ministration to shelter my ol' head from de rain, I'll trabel on my journey to Freedom's Lan', de lan o' joy an' luv'— and truss dat you will be fergib—I mean—blest. Good night, son."

And the old negress trembled with intense fear lest the soldier should compel her to rest under his tent, and yet she feared to betray undue haste to put distance between her and him.

Just as the greyest of grey dawns in changing from black to leaden the Eastern horizon, the old negress thinks she can see the place where there was once a bridge over a river. She can not tell through the semi-darkness whether she will be able to cross or not, and immediately begins mentally to improvise something that will float. She reaches a place where once a bridge began to span the Yellow River; and, alas, there is no shadow of hope for her crossing. She sits upon the remains of the approach and looks down at the darksome wa-

ter, and looking up notes that the day is rapidly breaking. She *must* cross. Will she try to swim? She is not a good swimmer. She is unused to prayer, but prays for a successful gaining of the nether shore, and commences the hazardous descent. She is one hundred feet above the water, and must descend twenty feet before she reaches the foot-path of timber, improvised by the soldiers. It is perilous, in the extreme, and must be accomplished by the utmost care. Again and again, she has to close her eyes against the sight of the water eighty feet below, but has to nerve herself to stand erect, and jump from timber to timber where they do not come together between the piers. Slowly, tortuously, alternately fearing and praying, the negress makes the phenomenal crossing of Yellow River on rude bridge timber, crudely placed on piers, with interstices.

What is the motive that impels this heroic deed? It must be love, for this is the mightiest motive that impels the human creature, and for love of what? We will see; but, we must let the negro woman pursue her dangerous journey unattended, even by our thoughts, for we must return to the home of Zora Fair; where we meet her father coming out at the door on the second morning after the entertainment.

"Have you seen my daughter, Zora?" said the bewildered father of the young girl, who a few nights before had united her sweet voice with the voices of the soldiers as they sang, "Home, Sweet Home."

"You still have no news of her?"

And the story spread like wild-fire that Zora Fair had fled from her home, for what reason nobody was sure, save her father, who remembered the light that kindled her eye, as she said,

"I will go and ask him."

One of the soldiers who had been housed in the church, and ministered to by Zora, took it upon himself to try to comfort her father, and while he missed the beautiful girl, and sometimes feared for her safety; yet, he believed she had gone to hear with her own ears, Sherman's plans, and somehow so trusted her that, despite the danger of the mission, thought she would succeed. Again, he and her father would talk together, and become so exasperated that they would resolve to follow and bring her back; but,—"Where shall we go?" The "old South!" How shocked it was by her disappearance, and how it conjectured concerning the cause. One ventured to suggest that she had fled with a Federal officer, but the young soldier heard this and made it so uncomfortable for the suggester that he was glad to retract and smooth things over.

On the morning of October 31, 1864, the young soldier had persuaded Mr. Fair to try to break his long fast by partaking of the frugal meal offorded them; but, after repeated efforts the old man proved his inability to eat, and sat back, dejected in his chair. After a few moments' silence, he cried out in his despair:

"Oh, my darling child! You may even now, be the prey of a brutal mercenary," and he could not bear the thought, but rose to his feet, and —hark!

"Pappy!"

"What was that?"

"Pappy!"

"My child's voice to lure me to hope —"

"No, no, Pappy, I'm here, safe and —"

But the old man had bounded to her room, and laid his head upon her breast; and, in his excitement the

young soldier followed, wanting the evidence of his eyes that Zora was there.

"Pappy, do not you know that I would not leave you except for your sake?"

"Do not leave me again for anybody's sake, Zora, will you?"

"No, Pappy, I will not." Whereupon the young soldier gazed out of the window down the street, as though something interested him there.

When Zora was sufficiently rested and had slept, she told her story in her own sweet way to "Pappy" and her friends, and this is what the little heroine said:

"When the soldiers said they did not know whether Gen. Sherman would go to Tennessee after Gen. Hood, or march to the sea through Georgia, I determined to find out from him what he intended to do, and so I disguised myself to look as much as possible like Aunt Dinah,"—at which Aunt Dinah ejaculated:

"Lis'n to dat blessed chile."

"—got some walnut stain, tied my head up in a bandana, put on Aunt Dinah's sunbonnet and dress, all of which was fun, but, Oh, how frightened I was when I got off in the woods alone; and, I want to tell you all, my friends—you say that it was a deed of heroism—I do not look at it that way—but if it was, I have been rewarded, for I learned in that perilous journey to do more than 'say' my prayers—I learned to pray. This is the reflex blessing, and who can say that the One to whom I prayed did not give me strength to brave the darkness; did not deliver me from the soldiers; did not keep my foot from falling as I passed over the dark waters; did not deliver me from the enemy's hand? Yes, I believe that General Lee's God is One to be trusted, and I am glad of the mission that has led me to trust Him."

If there was a dry eye in that assembly as she ceased speaking, I do not know it—but some of the men, willing to change the subject, inquired:

"Did you see Sherman?"

"Yes, I served him at table. By telling the same story in substance, all along the way, I think they permitted me to go into his presence, more as a jest than anything else, because they knew that every phase of negro life was interesting to him, and when I found myself before him, I told him that I loved freedom better than my life; that I had not turned against my people, but that I longed for freedom, and that I would follow where freedom led, and that I had come to him for protection.

He replied that all of the negroes would soon be freed, and would be protected too.

"'Mass Sharman, kin I march wid yo' when yo' marches?"

"We would be glad to have your valuable escort, Mrs. Dinah, but it is impossible as women are not allowed in the army, and even so, you are too old to stand the hardships."

"I buried my face in my hands in the deepest dejection, and he said,"

"'"'Make youreslf useful around the house until we get out of it to burn it, and you may go with us until you reach your home in Georgia, and there you may live and die; but mark you, be loyal and faithful, telling no tales."'

"'*You may go with us until you reach your home in Georgia!*' thought 'Mrs. Dinah'!"

"'Mrs. Dinah, would you mind telling me—if you will pardon me—if you are an Indian, negro, or what nationality you claim, for you are a peculiar color. I have seen many

'colors' and races, but am unable to place you. You're a *peculiar* color.'"

"'Law chile, it isen many niggers what knows dere own degree," (pedigree,) "'an I aint no inception."

"Then they fell to discussing among themselves, and came to the conclusion that I was a mixture, but that if I had a drop of blood, even tainted with negro blood, I was a negro."

The noble exploit of Zora Fair, the Little Spy, was heralded wherever it was dared to make it known. Telegrams were sent to President Davis, and to Governor Brown; but, alas, if they credited the young woman's story, there were no Confederate troops to impede the relentless ride of the devastating Union army, under the leadership of a general who tried to make war what he had named it; and they had but to clinch their hands as fathers and husbands were slain, the rights of mothers, sisters, and daughters, were desecrated, and homes were razed to the ground.

Many of the Oxford refugees fled before the face of the destroyer, but Zora and her father had no where to go, or the means to go with, and so remained.

Early in November, on a beautiful Autumn day, two Federal soldiers dashed up to the door of a house in Oxford that they saw was occupied, and which was the residence of Col. Capers, and invited themselves to supper. A "blue's" invitation at that period was a command. Inadvertently, perhaps, it was made known to Mrs. Capers that they were looking for a woman spy, when Mrs. Capers said to the mulatto girl waiting upon the table.

"Ellen, go and bring some hot biscuits," with a look that Ellen understood. Swiftly she crossed the street, warned Miss Fair, and returned to the dining room with the hot biscuits.

Zora Fair fled to the country hills, taking refuge in a farm house. Her father successfully concealed himself on the premises. Their little refuge home was destroyed by Sherman on his "March to the Sea." Zora taught a country school, and after the war, returned to Charleston. Of the subsequent history of the "Little Spy," the writer wishes she knew, but thinks she is justified in supposing that a Confederate soldier was no less valorous in love than a Confederate maiden in the accomplishment of her purpose; for,

Of the bravest, truest, and best,
The Confederate soldier was he.

DR. BEN REITMAN, THE TRAMP REFORMER

By ARNOLD M. ANDERSON

FOR a man of but thirty-one years of age, Dr. Ben Reitman, of the Brotherhood Welfare Association, has perhaps had as varied and strenuous a career as any person now living. The "King of the Hoboes," as he is often called, has been the subject of a thousand facetious newspaper write-ups within the last year, and only recently was arrested in Chicago for leading a parade of the unemployed.

Contrary to one's expectation, from the nature of his experiences, Dr. Reitman is not an uneducated enthusiast, but is a practicing physician of good standing. He is a graduate of the American College of Medicine and Surgery in Chicago; he studied pathology under the famous Professor Virchow of Berlin, and was a student of Professor Metchinkoff, the distinguished bacterologist of the Pastuer Institute of Paris. He himself is the author of a work on pathology and is a member of the Chicago Medical Society, the Illinois State Medical Society and the American Medical Association.

As a physician he has built up a lucrative practice in Chicago, and this in spite of his frequent absences in behalf of his work of bettering the condition of the tramp class. He taught a year in the college, from which he was graduated, was a professor in the Chicago College of Dental Surgery and the Chicago Veterinary College, and served for a short time as a ship's surgeon. At the time of the earthquake he was a pathologist in an army hospital of San Francisco.

DR. BEN REITMAN.

During his life as a tramp he has been arrested as an anarchist in France, was shipwrecked in the At-

lantic, was a fireman on a New York liner, a revolutionist in Russia, a tramp in every state in the Union and a traveler in Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America.

Reitman was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, of Jewish parents, but from infancy Chicago has been his home. He attended public school until he reached the age of fifteen years when he took his first hobo trip—via slow freight to Lima, Ohio. He was absent on this excursion for two weeks, but a few months later he was off again. He speedily became a willing victim of the wanderlust and took numerous short trips into neighboring states. A year later he became more ambitious and planned a tour of the world. He beat his way to New York and without a cent in his pockets, stowed away in a vessel bound for Europe. He was discovered and compelled to work for his passage as a stoker. On this trip he "bummed" his way through Ireland, England, several countries of the continent, the Barbary coast, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, India and China, finally arriving in San Francisco. He soon took other trips and visited Canada, South America and South Africa.

In 1899 at Odessa, he joined the Russian revolutionists and was sent as a secret agent to solicit money for the cause from the French government. This venture resulted in his arrest as an anarchist and he was only liberated by proving his American citizenship.

It was while he was in Europe that he decided to study medicine. At Liverpool he attended a medical school for a time and later studied under the famous professors before mentioned, on the continent. In 1904 he completed his medical education at the American College of Medicine and Surgery in Chicago. Then, after brief terms of teaching and lecturing, he served as a ship's surgeon on the Mediterranean and returned to Chicago to practice.

In all, Reitman has beat the American railroads out of the fare for 50,000 miles of travel. He has sailed 75,000 miles on the seas and rode half of that distance free. While penniless he sailed from Boston to Liverpool, London to Hamburg, Hull to Gothenburg, Havre to New York and New York to Naples. Notwithstanding his many free rides, he has spent in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars in travel fares. In his wanderings he has traveled by almost every mode of conveyance in many different countries. In the aggregate he has covered about 200,000 miles of land and sea. On one particular European trip he subsisted for four months with but seven dollars in cash.

It is scarcely needful to mention that Reitman has been in jail. He has tasted the bread of fifty prisons and recalls with nausea the fare of certain jails on the continent, but in the Orient, strange to note, he was treated more humanely. He has begged under a thousand varying conditions; practiced all sorts of expedients to gain food and shelter; lived by the charity of Bowery missions, the Salvation Army, London soup kitchens, almshouses, hospitals, and a hundred odd institutions, religious and otherwise. He has palmed himself off as a sailor in distress, a soldier of misfortune and in numerous other guises imposed on the kind-hearted or charitable-minded the world over. Bare boards have often been his only mattress; many a time has he found peaceful repose in the hay stack; frequently has he slept in the open with only the sky for a cov-

DR. REITMAN IN THE GUISE OF A TRAMP.

erlet and all manner of severe weather has found him shelterless.

It would seem that such a multiplicity of rough experiences during sixteen years of wandering would have given him a hard face, a hard heart, an irresponsible nature and a broken down physique, but the opposite is the fact. By nature blessed with a large frame and strong constitution, he has survived his hard knocks with hardly a trace of ill. His face is kindly, though sad; his heart is as tender as a woman's and his temperament, while melancholy, is deeply sympathetic. The man is engrossed in his cause with the zeal of a fanatic, yet he is never violent in his methods. He seeks to bring about his reforms simply by reason and legislation. Reitman may even be considered handsome. He has glowing dark eyes, strong regular features and a clear complexion. There are no marks of dissipation on his face and no lines denoting lustful desires. He is nervous and speaks hurriedly, sometimes almost irrelevantly, by reason of the rush of ideas which clamor for utterance at the same time. But there is no confusion in his aims, his opinions, his purposes. He ever sees in his mind the unfortunate condition of the class whose lot he would alleviate, and with persistence, if not patience, is ever prosecuting the work he has adopted for his mission in life.

It was due to J. Eads Howe, the millionaire tramp and philanthropist of St. Louis, founder of the Brotherhood Welfare Association, that Reitman became inspired in his present work. Though by reason of his personal experiences as a tramp, he felt a strong kinship with his brothers of the road and yearned to do something toward the amelioration of their condition, yet he had no definite ideas of procedure up to May, 1907. At this time he was in St. Louis after a ramble in the west and on a Sunday afternoon happened to drop in at a meeting of the Brotherhood Welfare Association. The subject under discussion at that gathering of vagabonds was the vagrancy law. Reitman had just been released from jail after serving a sentence for vagrancy and he arose and made a speech. From that hour he saw his way clear. Fresh from an enlightening conference with Mr. Howe, he returned to Chicago and at once organized a branch Brotherhood Welfare Association in that city. Howe and Reitman by no means agree as to details in the reform for which they are working—each is pursuing an individual course—but, like Count Rumford, both are endeavoring "to restore hope to the

hopeless and despairing, gently to compel the vicious, the tramp and the beggar into habits of industry and contentment." The creed of the association is "a square deal for tramps and kindness and no red tape."

A better understanding of the situation may be gleaned from the following statements made by Dr. Reitman: "Charitable organizations think the tramp is a grafter; tramps regard the charitable organizations as a graft; both are wrong.

"The United States and England are the only two countries in which vagrancy and begging are unlawful. In some European countries begging is licensed by law. In some Oriental countries begging is a respectable occupation.

"In America the tramp beggar is an outcast, a social leper, a being beyond the pale. He is despised, maltreated, jailed, starved, refused work, treated as a criminal. I know these things because I have tramped all over the world begging my way. I have a mission in life now. It is to secure the passage of laws which will give work in every city and town to any tramp who seeks it, and which will pay him fifty cents a day. The majority of tramps wish to return to a decent life, but are unable to because no one will give them work. This law would give every tramp a chance.

"There are a quarter of a million tramps in this country. A great problem confronts us. How shall we handle it? By abusing the tramp and hounding him from town to town with a constant 'move on' policy, or shall we develop the latent good and energy in the man?

"When we throw a man into jail because he will not work let us force him to work and pay him for his labor, thus teaching him the only lesson that will ever redeem him.

"We are spending millions of dollars in building jails and workhouses where we force men to work without compensation. When the vagrant is released from custody he is just as liable to arrest for vagrancy as he was when he was first arrested. What kind of a system of correction is this which cannot possibly correct? Rather it encourages dishonesty and irresponsibility. Instead of putting so many millions into jails, why not spend a part of the money in a manner which will give the released prisoner a chance for regeneration?"

The aim of the Brotherhood Welfare Association, which is as yet, more of a name than an organization, is to help the vagabond reform by making it possible for him to get clean clothes; get a job, and to discourage the tramp evil by wise and sane legislation. The reformatory measures advocated are:

1. That institutions be founded which will provide for persons needing temporary assistance.
2. That the existing vagrancy laws be radically revised.
3. That the railroads be forced to prevent tramps beating their way on the trains.

The first of these measures needs no explanation. The second is set forth in a bill, drawn up by Dr. Reitman and Charles W. Espey, of Chicago, which proposes as an amendment to the vagrancy acts that all vagrants arrested shall be compelled to hard labor and receive a payment of fifty cents a day for such labor; that upon the release of the prisoner, a part of the money thus earned to his credit be expended for him for clean and decent clothing, if it is needed, or for the purchase of transportation to another place, if the prisoner so desires; that in case any tramp has been previously arrested for vagran-

cy, he shall receive only forty cents a day for his labor; that in case it is learned that he has a family, the sum of two dollars a week be deducted from his credit and forwarded to his family. Whatever the defects of the proposed amendment, it will be seen that it embodies the essence of good toward the reform intended.

Too often the existing vagrancy laws scent of outright graft. In thousands of places the justice of the peace or police judge receives a stated fee for every case he tries; the constable a similar fee for every arrest he makes and a third party has the privilege of feeding prisoners at the rate of from fifty to seventy-five cents a day. The community must pay these charges and in return the only benefit received is the labor of the prisoner. No one is benefited except the petty officials, and the tendency is not to correct the tramp evil. On the other hand if the tramp, upon his release from jail, were able to appear clean and respectable, the chance of his securing a job would be bettered.

The third measure is indeed a novelty, but would without doubt, make hobo travel almost impracticable. The idea is to penalize the railroads in order to increase their vigilance in preventing tramp travel. The railroad bill framed by Dr. Reitman provides that the railway companies be compelled to pay a fine of $5,000 for every tramp killed on a railroad; $1,000 for every one injured and $100 for every one caught stealing a ride. It is proposed that the money indemnity for deaths shall go to the heirs of the deceased or, if such heirs cannot be located within a specified time, to the county in which the tramp met his death.

It is estimated that the American railroads carry over 200,000 different tramps every year and that of this number, 5,000 are runaway boys. In 1906 about 5,000 tramps were killed on the railroads of this country and about 12,000 injured. Every year there are ten times as many tramps killed as railroad employes and passengers combined. The railway companies are not held criminally liable for the deaths of trespassers and are not even obliged to bury those killed, this expense accruing to the county or city in which the accident takes place.

"Railroad employes," says Reitman, "are largely responsible for the great volume of tramp traffic these days. They collect a small fee from the hobo and allow him to ride, or are too good-natured to throw him off the train. The railroad officials claim they have no desire to carry trespassers. Of course they have not, but still they do not remedy the evil by the regulations now in force. In former years the steamship companies declared they were powerless to prevent stowaways from entering the country, but when a fine of $500 was imposed for each stowaway caught, it was wonderful to note how the vigilance of the companies increased and the number of stowaways decreased."

Dr. Reitman spends a large part of his time traveling about the country at his own expense—it is no longer necessary for him to beat his way —studying sociological conditions and seeking to interest persons of influence in his reform schemes. He presents his ideas to newspapers, politicians, business and professional men; interviews the inmates of jails and workhouses, police officers and charity workers; lectures and carries on correspondence by letter, all for the purpose of awakening a wide public interest. In the last year he has met

thousands of prominent persons and, while he is not generally regarded seriously, he has set many communities to thinking and already certain municipalities are considering his vagrancy act amendment. None can doubt the sincerity of the man in his efforts to do good, whatever may be thought of his methods. The need of the reform in question is most evident and when it is finally accomplished, by whatever means, it must be recognized that the initiative action of J. Eads Howe, Dr. Reitman and the Brotherhood Welfare Association paved the way to success.

To illustrate Dr. Reitman's character and methods the following personal exploits are here chronicled. In the guise of a tramp and bent upon investigating the work of various charitable organizations, he begged from all sorts of slum workers, philanthropists, society women and religious institutions and also applied for work at the free employment agencies. His experiences show that the tramp has great difficulty in securing substantial assistance and work. He found no institution which was delighted to help him. The report of these investigations was called, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the sociological sensation of the year.

When Judge Sadler and the health department of Chicago started a crusade against the cheap lodging houses of that city, Reitman illustrated most forceably that such places were necessary until better lodging houses were substituted, and so called a halt to the crusade.

In regard to the municipal lodging house of Chicago, he pointed out that its baths were better than the meals served, and that the employes were more interested in asking questions than in providing for the comfort of the lodgers. As a result of this report the municipal lodging house has undergone certain improvements: better sleeping accommodations have been provided; a free wash-room has been opened where the tramp may cleanse his clothing; more wholesome meals are served and numerous other less important reforms inaugurated.

In May, 1907, Reitman gave his famous "hobo banquet" to one hundred and twenty-three tramps, at the Windsor-Clifton hotel of Chicago. Though this banquet was the cause of great merriment among the newspapers of the country, yet it was in reality a most interesting and valuable sociological experiment. At that dinner a number of the vagabond guests expressed their ideas of life and explained the causes of their downfall. Then followed the tramp clinic and lecture. This was the first sociological clinic ever held. Dr. Reitman presented tramps who had been doctors, lawyers, artists, newspaper men, musicians, runaway boys, criminals, mechanics, soldiers and sailors. This clinic demonstrated that men of any walk of life may become homeless and penniless, therefore tramps and vagrants.

It is not one of Dr. Reitman's hobbies to reform the dictionary, but he has suggested revised definitions for the words, tramp, hobo and bum. The new definitions are:

Tramp—A man who does not work and apparently does not care to work because it interferes with his traveling.

Hobo—A skilled, or unskilled, nonemployed laborer without money, looking for work.

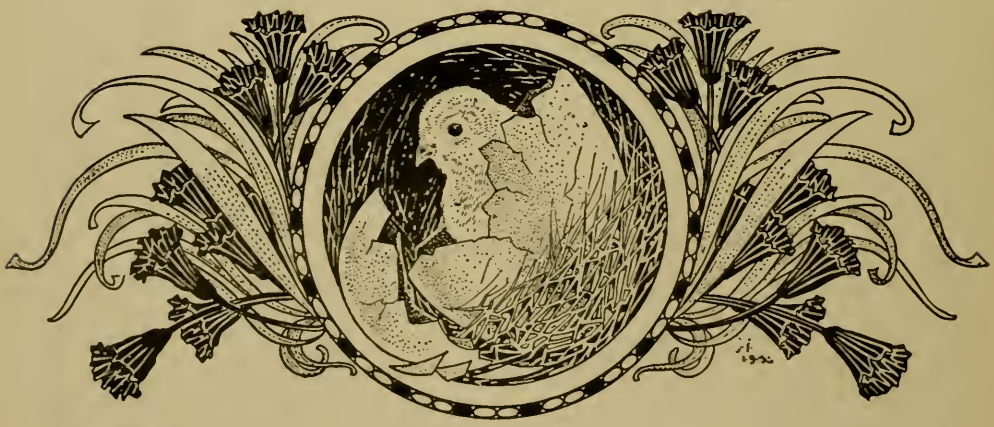
Bum—A man who frequents low-class saloons and begs or earns a few pennies a day in order to obtain drink. He is usually an inebriate.

As a cure for the tramp, Reitman suggests fining the railroads; for the hobo, institutions providing temporary work; for the bum, the enforcement of the laws against selling liquor to habitual drunkards.

By one of his experiments, Reitman showed that it is easier for a man to get a drink than to get a meal and that any person without money can get drunk simply by loitering around a saloon and waiting to be treated. Furthermore he begged from a hundred ministers and a hundred saloonkeepers—the latter were liberal with drinks, the former with good advice.

Some of these experiments may be eccentric, yet all tend to throw some light on the subject and illustrate the need of a sane and reasonable method of dealing with the tramp problem.

The headquarters of Dr. Reitman's branch of the Brotherhood Welfare Association is at 92 State street, Chicago, Illinois. The financial resources of the association are meager, but nevertheless considerable substantial work is being done. The only question asked of a person who applies for assistance is, "What do you wish us to do for you?" A conversation about things in general is carried on with each applicant and in an indirect and unoffensive manner an effort is made to learn something of his personal history. Sometimes small sums of money are given to the most needy and all assistance possible is given them in securing work. In the meantime the propagandist, Reitman, is exerting his greatest efforts to influence legislation in behalf of his cause.



WHEN WE HAVE SAID GOOD-BYE

The sunset plumes shall deck the purpling west,
In pomp of splendid cloud on royal sky;
The roads and woods we knew and loved the best
Shall be by faint and tender breeze caressed
When we have said good-bye.

The fragrance of the jessamine will swoon
Through the still night, its rich perfume will vie
With honeysuckle and magnolia bloom,
'Til morning come, as once for us, too soon,
When we have said good-bye.

Across the vault of heaven in lace-like foam
The star-shine of the Milky Way shall lie,
One changeless thing of comfort, when I roam
Far from a wormwood mockery of home,
And we have said good-bye.

The sun's kiss on the south shall be as bright,
As green shall be the wheat fields and the rye;
While the long lanes shall wait for us bedight
With ferns and flowers and soft summer light,
When we have said good-bye.

Yet, for us, all these things shall henceforth be
Seen through a mist of tears, with choking sigh:
Full well I know your own heart, achingly,
Shall feel the stab of myriad memory,
When we have said good-bye.

Vain, now, my warning and reproachful tears;
Go! Pride sufficeth; and your bitter cry,
When you have shed the superstitious fears
That wrecked our pure Arcadia of the years
And bade you say good-bye.

The woven fabric of our lives in twain
Is rent. To what avail? For we so soon must lie
Where nevermore the sunshine or the rain
May see us, laughing, hand in hand again,
When we have said good-bye.

Ah, love, the years' oncreeping will be slow
Without you. Dumb with grief I long to die.
That, dead, I may forget I let you go,
And never wake, in weary pain, to know
That we have said good-bye.

—Grace Kirkland.

SAY OF OTHER EDITORS

Hon. Thos. E. Watson—The Dream of His Life, How it Was Dispelled But is Still His Inspiration.

In his two addresses to the Populist convention in Atlanta Thursday, Hon. Thos. E. Watson told the story of his life, in so far as it is related to his political activity. If that story is believed by the people it must so elevate him in the eyes of those among his own people who have opposed him that all Georgians will not only be proud of him, but will bid him go on, and give him their aid in the work he has set himself to do.

That Mr. Watson is a great man even those who most bitterly oppose him always gladly concede. As a lawyer he early in life established a reputation, which gave him place among the most successful practitioners at the bar. As an orator he has won a fame the greatness of which is attested by the large audiences he draws whenever he is billed to speak. As an author he is recognized as among the greatest historians of the time; and no Georgian, be he friend or opponent of Watson, would consider his library complete without Watson's historical works. He is one of the great sons of this grand old state, and yet, while he has inspired devotion to himself in many of his fellow citizens such as it is given to but few men to inspire, he is hated by others with an intensity which is blighting in its degree. Is it not strange?

In his private life Mr. Watson is blameless. In the very bitterest of the fights that have been made against him, when everything was charged that could possibly be charged, not even a breath of scandal or wrong was breathed against his private life. Nor has he ever been seriously charged with graft or dishonesty in any form in business transactions, which is certainly a refreshing example in these times, when so many public men do questionable things for personal gain. Had he chosen to make a financial asset of his unquestioned talent for political work, it is readily conceded that he could have amassed a great fortune. But on all these opportunities he has turned his back. Some puny charges of this nature have indeed been made in the heat of political antagonism, but that they were insincere is proven by the fact that they always died at once when they could no longer serve the purpose for which they were told. And yet this man, talented far above ordinary men, clean, honest and upright in all his dealings, is more intensely opposed in the public work he would do, by his fellow Georgians, than any other Georgian living.

It is strange, passing strange, and it is all, as Mr. Watson claims, because he has been misunderstood. It was to clear away this misunderstanding, if possible, that he laid bare the secret ambition of his life, born of the dream of his early manhood, which to bring to reality has been the mainspring of all his action.

The blight of poverty fell upon his life when he was scarcely more than a boy. It drove him out of the college before he could complete the education he craved, and compelled him to go to work to earn his bread. He became a school teacher, but at the same time remained a student; strongly drawn to the study of history as it bore upon the betterment of the condition of the people. And as to every boy and young man of spirit there comes a dream of what he shall accomplish in life, so there came to this backwoods teacher and student this dream. He would be a tribune of the people, enter the lists and become their champion to contend for their rights.

It is the men that are animated by one great thought and purpose who become the great men in that endeavor to which they devote themselves. Having this purpose in mind he studied law and engaged in the profession, not to

become a great lawyer and therewith be content, but that he might use it as a means to the end he had in view. It was natural, then, that he should have offered and been elected a member of the legislature almost as soon as he reached man's estate. The great opportunity came with the organization of the Farmers' Alliance.

That was a great political upheaval. The farmers sought to better their condition, not by injuring anybody else or hurting any other legitimate business, but by changing conditions which were hurtful to them and the people at large because they were unjust. Although not a member of this body, the young dreamer espoused their cause. He couldn't have done otherwise and remained true to the lofty ideal he had set for himself.

He was elected to congress, and there, with the zeal of youth and all the ability he could command, he sought to secure the enactment of legislation demanded by the Farmers' Alliance. The combined wisdom of this order had decided that its demands could only be secured by the formation of a new party, since both old parties had rejected them with scorn. The new party was formed. The alliancemen became members of it; and Watson, one of the men whom they had elected to congress, also became a member. From this dated the fierce opposition to him. He became the chief of the new party, and its opponents thought that by crushing him they would kill the new party. Out of this struggle grew the political contest in the tenth district of Georgia, which has become historic as the fiercest political fight ever waged in this country.

It lasted for six years, and the opposition completely triumphed over Watson. He fought as long as one spark of hope of ultimate success remained, and when it was all over, ruined financially and utterly worn out in body and mind, the bitter conviction came to him that the dream of his youth had turned to ashes. What sorrow of soul this caused him can only be understood by those who can measure the depth of conviction which gives the courage to fight this unequal fight to the end.

Then it was that he devoted himself wholly to literature, and wrote those books which alone would have brought him fame as they have brought him wealth. But even on his books was the imprint of the dream of his youth, for they were all written to teach what he had contended for in politics. The Roman Sketches, The Story of France, Napoleon, Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, all pointed to the struggle for popular rights against the unjust oppression of the favored classes, and Bethany was written to present the cause of the South, for Mr. Watson is as intensely Southern as he is Jeffersonian.

Then again there came a change, when Parker was nominated upon a platform which was so nearly republican that his running mate said of it that there was no difference between the two. He made the race for president as the Populist nominee in 1904, a race that was hopeless, so far as the possibility of gaining victory was concerned, but the result of which has been the election and administration of a Republican president of such strong reform convictions that by his enemies he is called a Populist, and the adoption of Populist principles in the Democratic platform almost in their entirety. And just so he is again making an equally hopeless race this year, to compel the recognition of the just claims of the South by the Democratic party, without which that party can not succeed, or would be useless to the cause of the people if it should succeed.

In this struggle the years have passed. The young man who entered it with all the fire and enthusiasm of youth has passed his fiftieth year. He no longer desires any office, for he has come to believe that he can serve the cause he loves now as he did when it was the dream of his youth, better by not holding any office than he could in office.

He is hoping that at last, after all this bitter experience, the people of his state will understand him, and that, instead of expending the best of their energies in fighting him they will take his outstretched hand and all Georgians unite in the great purpose which surely is the dearest of every Georgian and of every Southerner, to compel the Democratic party to give just recognition to the South, which it has not done since the Civil War, in order that the Democratic party may again be made what it once was to the people.—W. J. Henning, in Augusta Herald.

"God is in His World."

Uncle Remus' last message, taken in part from the Uncle Remus Home Magazine, which he edited, is a fitting example of his attitude toward the world and beliefs of today. Speaking in the person of the Farmer, he has this to say:

"The Farmer has said that reason is impotent here, but he was speaking of the reason that coldly applies itself to human affairs; he was speaking of the reason that is polished up in the schools, and fitted for the needs of speculative philosophy and science; but there is a form of human reason which is neither of the schools nor the academies, which finds nothing difficult in the Chirstian religion—nothing doubtful and nothing that cannot find an explanation in the mercy of the Creator and the desperate needs of the human race. But to apply this form of reason requires an attitude somewhat different from that which has become such a marked feature of the men and women of our time—the attitude that speaks of great and cunning, and the overweening desire of display. We must become as little children, and who does not desire in his heart of hearts to imitate the fresh innocence of the youngsters who come and go before our eyes, and who contribute in such large measure to the satisfaction which we have in life? * * *

"The attitude of one huge company toward its competitors constitutes the most complete display of this particular form of business knavery that has ever been known, if we take the word of those who have investigated the matter. The exposure so stirred the public mind that one of the representatives of the company was compelled to come to its defense. His excuse was that business, when there is competition, is in the nature of a struggle; that is as far as he will go, and he seems to think that such a statement is sufficient to dispose of the charges that have been made against his company. As a matter of fact, it is neither an answer nor an explanation. There is always a struggle where there is business competition, but it need not be an unfair or an underhanded struggle; the elements of burglary or robbery need not enter into it. All the business transactions that the world has ever witnessed cannot succeed in destroying the potency of the golden rule: by that all men will be measured, and the greater their greed the greater their punishment.

"Let it not be supposed by those who imagine that they are unfortunate, that the colossal fortunes heaped up by modern business methods will add to the happiness of those who have allowed greed to have its way. All the gold in the world will not buy an ounce of contentment; its purchasing power ceases where happiness is concerned. These statements are platitudes, of course, but it is well, once in awhile, to shake a live and wiggling platitude in the face of the public, if only to reassure some of the hopeless ones that God is in His world, and all is well."—Nashville Banner.

Government by Executions.

One man, Tolstoy, by the sheer force of his intellect, has made the Russian Government fear him. Old and broken with sorrow, he still loves the Czar's country as if it were his own, and he still dares to tell the handful of bloodthirsty aristocrats that rule it that they are as surely bringing ruin on themselves as did Louis in France.

After crying out against government by executions Tolstoy writes:

"All this is carefully arranged and planned by the learned and enlightened people of the upper class. They arrange to do these things secretly at daybreak, and they so subdivide the responsibility for these iniquities among those who commit them that each may disclaim responsibility; and not these dreadful things alone are done, but all sorts of other tortures and violence are perpetrated in the prisons, fortresses and convict establishments; not impulsively under the sway of feelings silencing reason, as happens in fights or in war, but, on the contrary, at the demand of reason and calculation, silencing feeling.

What is most dreadful in the whole matter of this inhuman violence and killing, besides the direct evil to the victims, is that it brings yet more enormous evil on the whole people by spreading depravity among every class of Russians."

Tolstoy refers to the shocking spread of greed among ruffians to obtain money by executing condemned prisoners, and says:

"Awful as are the deeds themselves, the moral and spiritual unseen evil they produce is incomparably more terrible."

For this Tolstoy will probably be put in prison or worse. The Czar's advisers fear him, and fear is the most merciless of emotions.

But wreaking vengeance on Tolstoy will only hasten the day when the Russian Government will be overthrown by the Russian people. Were the Grand Dukes wise enough to listen to the aged sage they might at least save their own necks before their oppression and massacres are carried beyond the point of endurance.—New York American.

An Inspiring Picture.

Bryan and Murphy were photographed at Fairview holding hands. How touching; how tenderly and beautifully sentimental!

Let your imagination dwell upon the picture for a moment. Bryan the heroic and devoted platitudinist, the man of noble ideals and moral earnestness; the orator of Chautauquas, whereat he holds up to applauding multitudes all the virtues and instills deep lessons of piety and rectitude; Murphy, the stalwart and incorruptible, the clean, honest leader of that patriotic organization known as Tammany, whose unselfish loyalty to the cause of all that is true and worthy in politics has been a proverb in the nation, lo these many years.

Is it to be wondered at that when these two men clasped hands before the camera the assembled crowd of spectators shouted "Do you mean it?"

The people were amazed to contemplate the union of two such tremendous moral forces. The combination is full of promise for the country. Murphy and Bryan wedded in effort and influence means an uplift to righteousness such as the world has never seen.

And "Fingy" Conners was there. He did not get in the picture. It may have been feared that the camera could not stand such a corner on goodness as the trio would have represented. But Conners was on the spot, and he, too, was filled with promise. He promised New York to Bryan. Of course, Mr. Conners and his friend, Mr. Murphy, believe that they carry New York in their vest pocket. It is theirs to deliver to whomsoever they please. Their long records of public service, given with so much of personal sacrifice have won the worship of the Empire State. It lies at their feet awaiting disposal.

All hail to Bryan, Conners and Murphy—these three abide in the Democracy, and the greatest of these is Murphy. —Louisville Herald.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Watson:—

I want to ask you a question. Is there any reason in the reply that "The country is not for such and such a reform"—which is monotonously made—always—against certain proposed measures?

I notice that you are often kind enough to answer directly questions asked of you for many little fellows over the country and I would be glad that you express your opinion on the above in your weekly at your first opportunity.

Say,—if a thing is right why talk about the country not being "ready" for a change?

If government ownership and control of railways is right, just what is meant by the statement that the country is not **ready** for the government to own and control its railways?

Only one answer that I see can be made to this above question: The people as a whole are not in favor of such and such a reform. Well, if the people as a whole are not in favor of it, they will not make it a reality. But nobody is trying to force government ownership and control on the people without their consent. On the other hand the only method by which government ownership and control would come about would be for the candidate—under our form of government—to go before the people and ask them if they are ready for it, in other words, get their consent. It is no argument, as I see it, against this measure, to say that the people are not **ready** for it, because it is, of course, understood that the people will be ready for it when it comes about, or else they won't put a man in office who favors it.

If there is a shadow of a possibility that a certain reform, which, if made law, would mean millions saved to the people and numberless blessings would come to them as a result, where does the argument come in that the people are not ready for this saving and these blessings?

This monotonous slang about the people not being ready for the change is the only answer I generally hear to your reasons for government ownership and control. It seems to me like reasoning in a circle—you get right back to the point from which you started.

These thoughts come, it is true, through my mind with rather a dull glow, but I decided to put them on paper before they could "break through language and escape," as our friend, Browning, insists. If you can drop us out a line or two on the above matter the favor will be appreciated.

Your friend,

Van Wilhile.

Jackson, Ga.

P. S.—Did Rockefeller ever pay that $29,000,000 fine?

For publication if you desire it.

(The fine has never been paid. In fact, the Attorney-General, Bonaparte, has practically called off the dogs in the great spectacular Octopus chase.)

July 13, 1908.

Dear Sir:—

Although I am not an American but an Englishman, may I be permitted to offer you my congratulations on your able speech as quoted in the Atlanta Constitution?

I was impressed wi h the remarks made in that speech, and fearing it might not be fully reported to London, I have sent a copy, together with a letter, to one of the chief London papers, with which for a short while I was connected. It is the most important Free Trade paper in England to which I refer.

Since coming to the States I have made it a special duty of looking into and studying and criticising the conditions under which the people live and are governed, and I more than fully concur with you. Your views entirely coincide with my own.

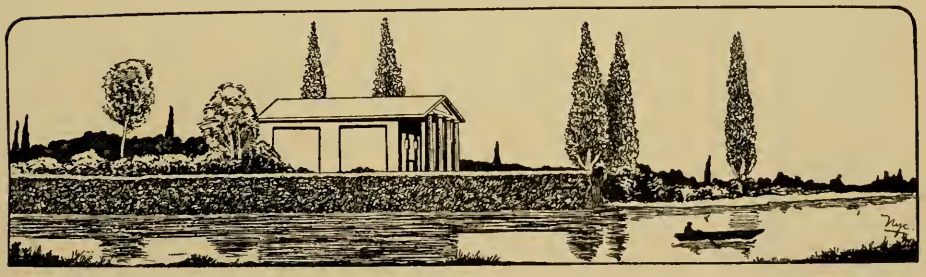
Nature has given unlimited gifts to every American citizen which are rights of his by nature, yet these gifts unlimited though they be are limited by the multimillionaires and trusts. The direct effect of which is that there are hardships now to be endured by so many citizens who should be living comfortably.

The "Almighty Dollar" has certainly more power in this country than it should have, and until graft is curbed to a very large degree this state of things is bound to continue.

Altho' I am sorry to think that you have small chance of success I venture to express the hope that you may one day fill the Presidential Chair. It is only men of your calibre who can put matters right. I have been living up North and only lately come South and yours is the first speech I have read which I can at all compare as a statesman's-like one. You certainly deserve every vote coming to you and also those cast for the other two candidates.

Your well wisher,

H. G.



"Defense of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," by James H. Moore. 157 pages; $1.50 net. Postage 12 cents. Published by Edwards & Broughton Printing Co., Raleigh, N. C. Stone & Barringer Co., Charlotte, N. C., Sales Agents.

This is a valuable analytical study of the Mecklenburg event, dealing only with the known and undisputed records and facts in the case. The author takes up among other things, Wm. Henry Hoyt's recent work, and punctures his labored efforts to make the facts and records apply to the May 31st Resolves instead of the May 20th Declaration as the chief paper with an ease and conclusiveness that is refreshing. The story of the Declaration evolved is so clear and simple that one wonders how the facts could have been misrepresented and confused in the public mind.

The chapter dealing with the "Internal Evidences of the May 31st Resolves" is a masterly one, showing on the face of this paper that it was written by a practicing lawyer and not by Dr. Ephraim Brevard, the admitted author of the Declaration. Also showing on its face that it recognized and described the "Convention" and the "Committee" as separate and distinct bodies, thus exploding the theory that these bodies were one and the same, on which the opponents of the Declaration rely for substantiating their claim that the May 31st Resolves is the "true Declaration."

In the chapter on "Plagarism," and that on the "Internal Evidences of the May 20th Declaration," Mr. Moore shows by abundant and repeated specific citations and quotations that in every instance in which similar phrases occur in the Mecklenburg Declaration, and in Mr. Jefferson's Declaration, that the phrase was not original with Mr. Jefferson, but had been used not alone in the Mecklenburg Declaration, but in other state papers in North Carolina and elsewhere before Mr. Jefferson wrote the National Declaration.

The charge of "Inconsistency" in the course pursued by the Mecklenburgers disappears in the light of the inside history of the time and of their environments. John McKnitt Alexander's autograph rough notes, long neglected, are shown to square in every particular with the truth as verified by history and subsequent disclosures. The study of the verbiage of the May 20th Declaration showing the coincidence of its language with the sentiment and verbiage peculiar to the year 1775 is so curious and striking as to preclude the hypothesis of the opponents of the Declaration that it was the work of some cheap forger of 1800. It is shown to breathe

throughout the spirit and bear the verbal earmarks of Ephraim Brevard, making self-evident the absurdity of attributing it to the forgery of another a quarter of a century nearly after his death.

The Davie copy of the Declaration is shown by the most positive and abundant record evidence to have been in the handwriting of John McKnitt Alexander, disposing of the charge that this copy was not authorized by him, but was forged by some one.

One of the most interesting chapters of the book is that dealing with the "Record Evidences," direct and indirect. Among the positive contemporaneous record evidences of the event is one wherein a neutral, unbiased historian made a record of the event in a foreign tongue, which was buried in the archives of the Moravians at Bethania, N. C., in 1783, and was not brought to light again until 1904, being literally the testimony of one rising from the dead.

The affidavits of the surviving witnesses who testified to the event from memory, after forty or fifty years when the Declaration was first disputed, and whose testimony has been attempted to be discredited, are shown to have been corroborated by subsequent discoveries and to have clearly accounted for the May 31st Resolves as the code of laws enacted by the Committee of Public Safety for the government of the county subsequent to the action of the Convention declaring independence.

Mr. Moore presents the case so clearly for the Declaration; he builds it up so solidly on the substructure of contemporaneous record evidence and the oral testimony of reputable eye-witnesses, and cements it so completely with the collateral facts and inside history of the times, explaining all the discrepancies that the enemies of the Declaration have brought to bear, as to establish the truth of the event beyond the power of critics to shake it.

"When the Bugle Called," by Edith Tatum. (The Neale Publishing Co., Flatiron Building, New York City.)

This is a story of the women's side of war, told in a simple way, as one might talk of such things; and dramatic, through its simplicity.

The everyday life of a Southern plantation—the sweet order of it—the home, left in charge of the children and the faithful black mammy, while the men ride away to the war,—are pictures, lovingly drawn, that stand out in sharp distinction to the brutality of the Federal troops, as they march through the pleasant country, spreading fear before them and leaving ruin behind. The dark shadow of an uprising of the worthless negroes hangs over the helpless children; and, while the mutterings of the coming storm are heard, a bolt falls suddenly. Michael Cavanagh, who had come to the Dupre plantation to see Dahlia, the girl he loved, is captured within the Federal lines, and sentenced to be hanged as a rebel spy. Dahlia, a child in years, finds entrance to the Union camp, disguised as a country "cracker," with a deformed negro as her attendant. They dance and sing, and the soldiers, wild with delight, stamp and cheer. In the midst of the uproar the prisoner escapes.

The horrible fear—the black shape—creeps closer. The incidents of the negro uprising, told so simply and quietly, are terribly vivid. Again, Dahlia is the one who brings help in their sore need. She rides away, through darkness and storm, past the haunted hollow, where the children, in daylight walked a-tiptoe,—and so to the good old priest's house. There she finds her father and the others, resting for a few minutes, on their way home from the war. They mount and gallop, and are just in time. The old negro mammy has fought valiantly for her master's children, against the worthless, drink-crazed brutes.

And the story ends, as all good stories should, in the old, time-hallowed fashion,—the fashion that makes life possible and worth the living to us all.

J. L.

"Mr. Crewe's Career," by Winston Churchill. McMillan Company, New York, Publishers. (Price $1.50.)

We consider this by far the best work that the author of Richard Carvel has done. The leading characters in the book are men and women whom most of us have known. The local political boss, the railroad politician who manipulates legislatures, the railroad president who believes that all means are justifiable when the end is the upbuilding of his corporation, the railroad lawyer who is a man of spotless personal character, but sees nothing wrong in the use of bribes, direct and indirect, to accomplish his purpose.

The railroad lawyer has a son who is considered "wild," and who is consequently more popular than any of the Sabbath-school models. This son is more like his mother than his father—but his mother died early, of a broken heart, there being no congeniality between the husband and wife.

The son goes West, grows physically and mentally into a stalwart, healthy, altogether admirable manhood, has the inevitable Western "scrape," "shoots him a man," and finds it convenient to return home.

And it came to pass, that the railroad president had a daughter who was as different from her father as the railroad lawyer's son was from his dad.

The story pivots upon this happy coincidence.

With great industry, ability and detail, Mr. Churchill shows how political machines work, how corporations control States and how they can be attacked and defended.

Mr. Crewe is drawn to the life, faithfully, vividly and entertainingly.

He is the unconscious vulgarian of sudden wealth, the man who measures all things with money. Possessed of boundless energy, pluck and a fair share of a certain sort of ability, he also fancies that he is inspired by good intentions and he sails into politics to reform things generally.

The story of his "Career" is mighty good reading.

In the long run, Mr. Crewe doesn't get what he went after, but the railroad lawyer's son—who has fought the railroad all along—gets the railroad president's daughter, who has, as per immemorial precedent, found her lover's arguments more convincing than those of her sire.

Beside its interest as a work of fiction, "Mr. Crewe's Career" possesses decided permanent value as an exposure of the rotten methods used by corporations to control the government.

"The Gospel of Greed or the Spirit of Commercialism," by Charles H. McDermott.

A common-sense explanation of Social and Political Problems from a business point of view, showing reasons for present conditions as compared with changes proposed by theorists and would-be Reformers.

The principles of wealth production clearly set forth with the exact position of labor as a factor.

How all the progress of civilization and benefit for humanity come from the work of individuals seeking profits, and why any policy of repression must be injurious or ruinous.

The theories and promises of Socialism considered in a practical way with the results that must follow from the plans advocated. Some of the absurdities and contradictions of the Socialistic ideas.

The Railroads, the Trusts, the Tariff, Single Tax and Banking considered with reference to the basic principles that must control.

Commonplace facts usually overlooked or ignored may appear sensational when presented with their full significance for affecting results or overturning fanciful theories.

The author, Charles H. McDermott, with an experience of thirty-seven years in daily and trade journalism, and for twenty-four years editor of the Boot and Shoe Recorder, Boston, Mass., is well qualified to speak for Commercialism and the forces that work for industrial progress.

The principles that all should understand and that are of practical value for all.

Concise and condensed so that every chapter suggests a volume.

Price $1.00. Chapple Publishing Co., Boston.

"A Little Land and A Living," by Bolton Hall," The Arcade Press, New York, shows how big results may be obtained from farms scarcely larger than a small yard. It tells what intensive farming is and can accomplish and is a bright shaft of light piercing the gloom of that ancient error that the people grow faster than their food supply. In a very practical way it shows how the difficulties confronting those inclined to return to the soil may be overcome and is altogether along the lines of wholesome and constructive thought.

We acknowledge receipt of "A Heathen Dollar," by Jos. A. Dieffenbacher, published by the W. B. Conkey Co.

Clearly and concisely put is the information contained in "Government by the People," a little book by Robt. H. Fuller, which is a brief, unbiased survey of election laws, political platforms, etc. It should be of interest to the citizen who "inquires to know." Publishers, The McMillan Co., New York.

"Elements of Agriculture," by W. C. Welborn, issued by the McMillan Company, is just what its name implies and should be of value as a text in rural schools. Price 75c.

"The Liberators," by Isaac N. Stevens, B. W. Dodge & Co.

This is a political romance treated in an unusually pleasing manner. It is developed along psychological lines and perhaps the most striking feature of the book is the influence of studious, thinking, but altogether winsome women, in bringing to pass a peaceful revolution.

George Randolph, the hero—perhaps we had better say one of the heroes, is a Southern of the type we all love. Possessed of incorruptible soul and filled with patriotic zeal, he early consecrates himself to the cause of the people. His class-mate in college is Frederick Ames, a young millionaire, son of a railway magnate. Of equal strength of character and brilliance of intellect, but differing widely as the poles in political sentiments, the two men form a strong and deep attachment for each other.

There is a very clear picture drawn of modern legislative methods and of political machinery of all sorts. George Randolph finally becomes head of the "People's Alliance" after eating the bitter bread of persecution at the hands of powerful corporations. Of course, he has fallen in love with Frederick Ames' sister and equally of course the elder Ames will have none of it.

An unusual character depicted is that of a Mrs. Strong, a wealthy young widow, who has devoted herself to a study of sociology and political economy and who gives herself and her money freely to the cause of the "Alliance."

Just at the moment in the book when we expect the intensity of public feeling to express itself in a crash of arms—Lo, Frederick Ames makes a splendid surrender and the victory is won.

The little love stories which are delicately traced throughout the tale add too much to its charm, but the principal theme is the advocacy of government ownership of railroads.

In the book the author takes a fling at Mr. Bryan when he speaks of the return of the "Peerless One" from abroad and his great speech at Madison Square Garden on government ownership—then practically, as Mr. Stevens puts it, Mr. Bryan retracted his argument for political ends.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviews will be made later)

History of the Laurel Brigade, originally Ashby's Cavalry.

By the late Capt. Wm. N. McDonald, edited by Bushrod C. Washington. Published by Mrs. Kate S. McDonald.

Probably the best "record of the Regiment" ever compiled. Takes the readers through all the stirring scenes in "the Valley," and is a most illuminating sidelight thrown upon the great Military Movements in Virginia.

Alexander H. Stephens. By Louis Pendleton. Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Altogether the best biography of Mr. Stephens that has yet appeared. Temperate in tone, thorough in its treatment, judicial in its judgment, Mr. Pendleton's book is in every way worthy of his subject and creditable to himself.

Norton Hardin, or The Knight of the Twentieth Century. By Mrs. Minnye Creighton Cottrell. Mayhew Pub. Co., Boston.

A story in which a gifted woman of today idealizes her own conception of true manhood, and sends it forth into the sordid conditions that surround to do battle for better standards.

AT NIGHT

No star-beam trembles down the skies,
The moon withholds her light;
The velvet hand of Night
Is laid upon the weary eyes,
While the vexed soul is folded calm
Beneath the brooding wings of Dark;
And blessed Silence, passing fleet,
Leaves on the trail of silvery feet
Soft winds of odorous balm
And distant sweet Eolian strains,
Those evanescent lost refrains
Forever wandering on the air
To find the heart in waiting there.

—Mary Chapin Smith.

WATSON BOOKS

Story of France, 2 volumes, delivered, = **$3.50**

Napoleon = = = **1.75**

Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson = **1.75**

Bethany, A Study of the Causes of the Civil War and a love story of a Confederate Volunteer. Postpaid - - - - - **1.25**

In the Story of France you will find a history of Chivalry, of the Crusades, of Joan of Arc, of the Ancien Regime, of the French Revolution.

In the Life of Jefferson you will learn what democratic principles are, and you will learn much history, to the credit of the South and West, which the New England writers left out.

BOTTLED SUNSHINE
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THE BECK-IDEN LAMP

PRICE, $10.00

Turns off and on like City Gas It burns Gas, which it makes automatically, as needed; 15 times as bright as City Gas, 3 times as bright as Electricity.

NO HEAT NO CHIMNEYS
NO DIRT NO WICKS
NO ODOR NO MANTLES
NO SMOKE NO VARIATION

A perfect white light like sunlight. Does not tire the eyes. Cost 1 cent an hour to operate. Cheaper than oil.

Read what the Hon. Thos. E. Watson writes about this lamp.

THOMSON, GA., MAY 7th, 1907

This is to certify that I have been using for several months the Acetylene Lamps handled by J. E. Hunnicutt & Co., of Atlanta, Ga., and find them most satisfactory.

The light given by one of these lamps is more nearly like day light than any known to me. There is no strain upon the eye, for the light is steady and perfectly white. There is no difficulty in keeping the lamps in order. A little boy attends to my Library lights for me, and he has no more trouble with the Acetylene Lamps than he would have with the kerosene lamps. THOS. E. WATSON.

Special Offer to the first 200 customers we will make this Lamp at cost price, $7.50

While we will lose money on these 200, they will act as salesmen for us

Each lamp sold will sell us five more so that, from these 200, we safely count on orders for 1000 at regular price

This offer ceases after the first 200 are sold. Send in your order now

J. E. HUNNICUTT & CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

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